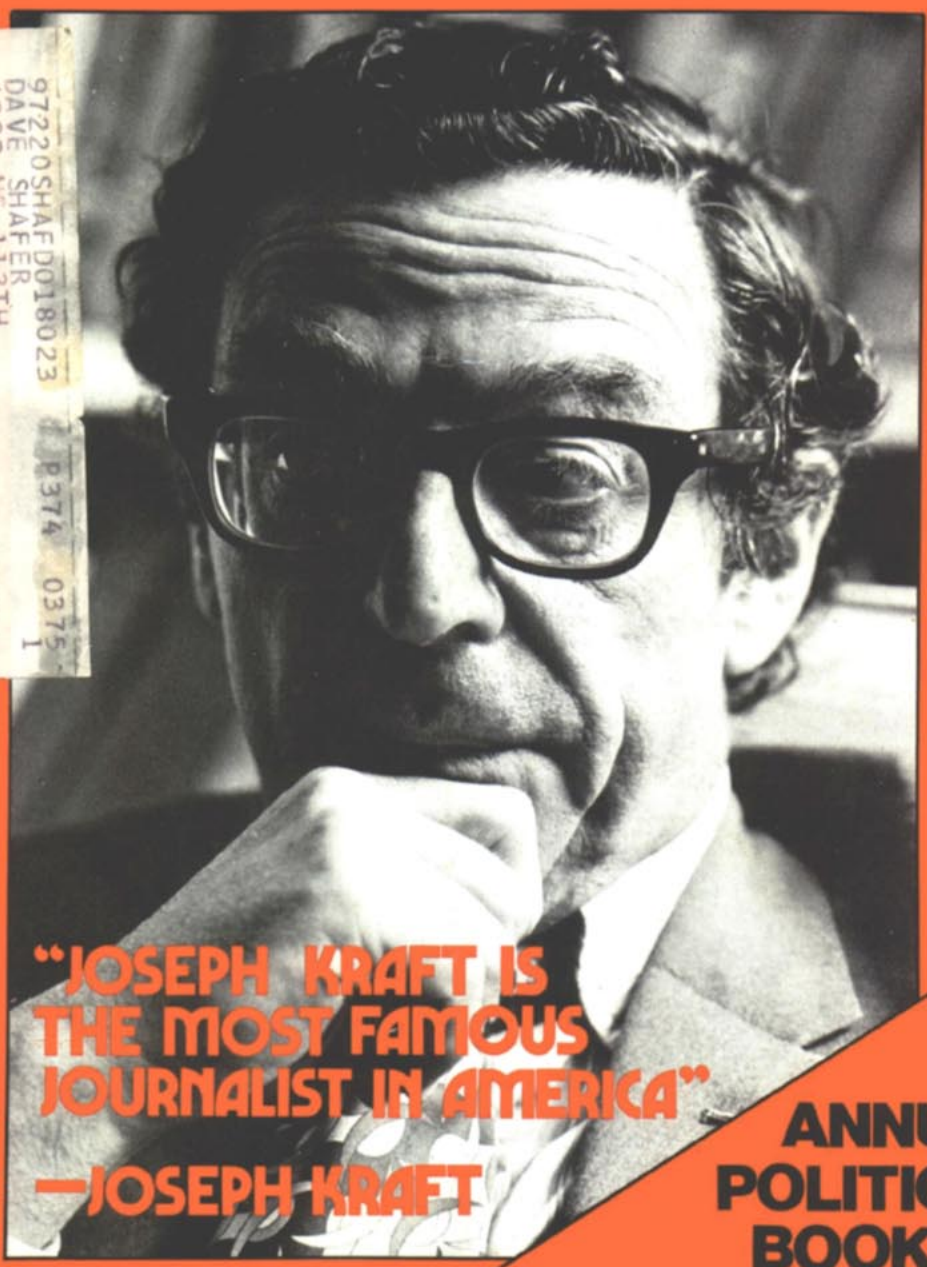
THE MEN WHO SHOULD RUN FOR PRESIDENT
WAS SIRHAN SIRHAN ON THE GRASSY KNOLL?

The Washington Monthly

MARCH 1975/$1.25

97220 SHAFD0180 23 P374 0375 1
DAVE SHAFER
4323 NE 113TH
PORTLAND OR 97220



"JOSEPH KRAFT IS THE MOST FAMOUS JOURNALIST IN AMERICA"
—JOSEPH KRAFT

Diana H. Walker

ANNUAL POLITICAL BOOK ISSUE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOES GOVERNMENT CAUSE HIGHER PRICES?

GOVERNMENT-MANDATED PRICE INCREASES

by Murray L. Weidenbaum

The author charges that federal regulatory actions are continually mandating higher prices. Examining such regulatory agencies as the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, Weidenbaum points out that each new benefit generates a new cost for the public. Although regulatory costs are less obvious causes of worsening inflation than budget deficits or "easy" monetary policies, the author says future regulatory actions must be carefully scrutinized to determine their actual costs.

pages 112 paperback, $3.00

OTHER AEI PUBLICATIONS ON INFLATION:

The Hydra-Headed Monster: The Problems of Inflation in the United States
by Phillip Cagan

Essays On Inflation and Indexation
by Milton Friedman, William Fellner, Alexandre Kafka, Herbert Giersch and Edward M. Bernstein

Indexing and Inflation
by Charls E. Walker, Milton Friedman, William Fellner and Robert J. Gordon • Eileen Shanahan, moderator

American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research

Please send me:

_____copies of *Government-Mandated Price Increases* @ $3.00 per copy

_____copies of *The Hydra-Headed Monster* @ $3.00 for paperback

_____copies of *Essays on Inflation and Indexation* @ $3.00 for paperback

_____copies of *Indexing and Inflation* @ $2.00 for paperback

Quantity discount information available

Payment must accompany orders under $10.00

Name_____

Address_____

City & State_____ Zip_____

Make checks payable to:
American Enterprise Institute • 1150 Seventeenth St., N.W. • Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From The Free Press

WHEN GOVERNMENTS COME TO WASHINGTON

Governors, Mayors, and Intergovernmental Lobbying
Donald H. Haider, Northwestern University

"WHEN GOVERNMENTS COME TO WASHINGTON is a perceptive and timely analysis of an important aspect of Federal-State-local relations in the 1970's and a welcome addition to public understanding of the dynamics of national policy-making."—Senator Edmund S. Muskie

336 pages $10.95

LEGISLATIVE PERFORMANCE IN THE STATES
Explorations of Committee Behavior

Alan Rosenthal, Eagleton Institute of Politics, Rutgers University

An important first: Rosenthal examines the *actual performance* of state legislatures, specifically their committee systems. He offers reasons for variations in accomplishments and evaluates proposals for legislative reform.

215 pages $8.95

CITIZENSHIP BETWEEN ELECTIONS
An Inquiry into the Mobilizable American

James N. Rosenau, University of Southern California

This is the first book to explore the relationship between activator (be it citizen, organization, or public official) and activated citizen, or, in Rosenau's terms, "mobilizer" and "mobilizee."

526 pages $14.95

PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS
Power and Policy

Louis Fisher, Congressional Research Service, Library of Congress

The author traces the 200-year history of the conflicts between the President and Congress on sharing legislative, spending, taxing, and war powers.

347 pages $7.95

CONGRESS IN ACTION
The Environmental Education Act

Dennis W. Brezina, Howard University, and
Allen Overmyer, State Department
Foreword by Senator Gaylord Nelson
Afterword by Congressman John Brademas

"Extraordinary civics lesson...it was an inspiration for Messrs. Brezina and Overmyer to describe the compromises, trade-offs, flukes of timing, dog fights, and duplicities that affected the fate of [the Act] ...as fascinating as a whodunit..."
—*The Environment Monthly*

210 pages $7.95

ORDER FORM

Please send me the books indicated below. Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order for $_____.

Quantity	Title/Author/Code	Price
____	WHEN GOVERNMENTS COME TO WASHINGTON/Haider/91337	$10.95____
____	LEGISLATIVE PERFORMANCE IN THE STATES/Rosenthal/92730	8.95____
____	CITIZENSHIP BETWEEN ELECTIONS/Rosenau/92697	14.95____
____	PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS/Fisher/91032	7.95____
____	CONGRESS IN ACTION/Brezina, Overmyer/90490	7.95____
		Total $____
		Sales tax (if applicable) ____
		Final Amount ____

Publisher's prices are subject to change without notice. Sources other than publisher are free to set their own price.

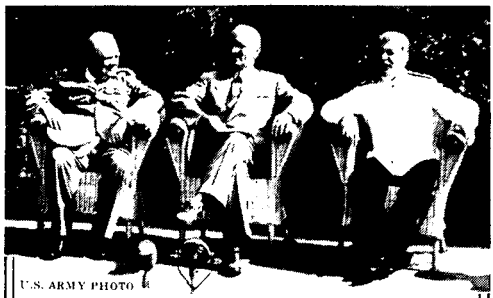
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

MAIL TO: THE FREE PRESS
A DIVISION OF MACMILLAN PUBLISHING CO., INC.
100D Brown Street, Riverside, New Jersey 08075

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Prelude to a world without peace...

POTSDAM, July 1945: Truman, Churchill and Stalin—each with his own secret purposes—determine the fate of our postwar world.

Meeting at Potsdam

By CHARLES L. MEE, Jr.

Based on secret documents, transcripts, personal memoranda, and recollections from all three sides, *Meeting At Potsdam* tells for the first time and in vivid detail exactly what happened at the international poker game that determined the future of the postwar world.

"His book is fascinating"

"Millions of words have been written about whether Roosevelt did well or badly at Yalta. Almost nothing has been written about how well or badly Truman—or Churchill, Attlee and Stalin—did at Potsdam. But now Charles Mee has gone very far to redress.... His book is fascinating."
—JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

A WORLDWIDE SENSATION. *Meeting at Potsdam* will soon be published in England, France, Germany, Spain, Netherlands, Turkey, Japan, Portugal.

16 pages of photographs.
$10.95 at all bookstores.

M. EVANS AND COMPANY, INC.
216 E. 49th St., New York 10017

The Washington Monthly

Editorial Advisory Board:
Richard Rovere, Chairman.
Graham Allison, Russell Baker,
James David Barber, Edgar Cahn,
Murray Kempton, Peter Lisagor,
Hugh Sidey.

Editors:
Charles Peters, Editor-in-chief.
Suzannah Lessard, James Fallows,
Walter Shapiro, Thomas Redburn,
Arthur Levine, Sophy Burnham.

Contributing Editors:
James Boyd, Taylor Branch,
David Hapgood, Timothy Ingram,
Michael Rappeport, John Rothchild.

Staff:
Carol Trueblood, Jamie Wellman,
Margaret Smith, Maralee Schwartz,
Christopher Wren, Katherine Hogan.

Production and Design:
Andrew Bornstein, Vint Lawrence,
Nancy Harrell, Diana Walker.

Published monthly except combined July/August issue by The Washington Monthly Co.,
1028 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Copyright 1975 by The Washington Monthly Company
All rights reserved. Reproduction by any method whatsoever without permission is prohibited.

Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions—
$15, one year; $25, two years; $33, three years.
Foreign, including Canada, $2.00 per year additional, surface; air mail rates available on request.
Back issues, $1.50. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to
1028 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Printed by The William Byrd Press, Inc., Richmond, Virginia.

Second class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and additional offices.

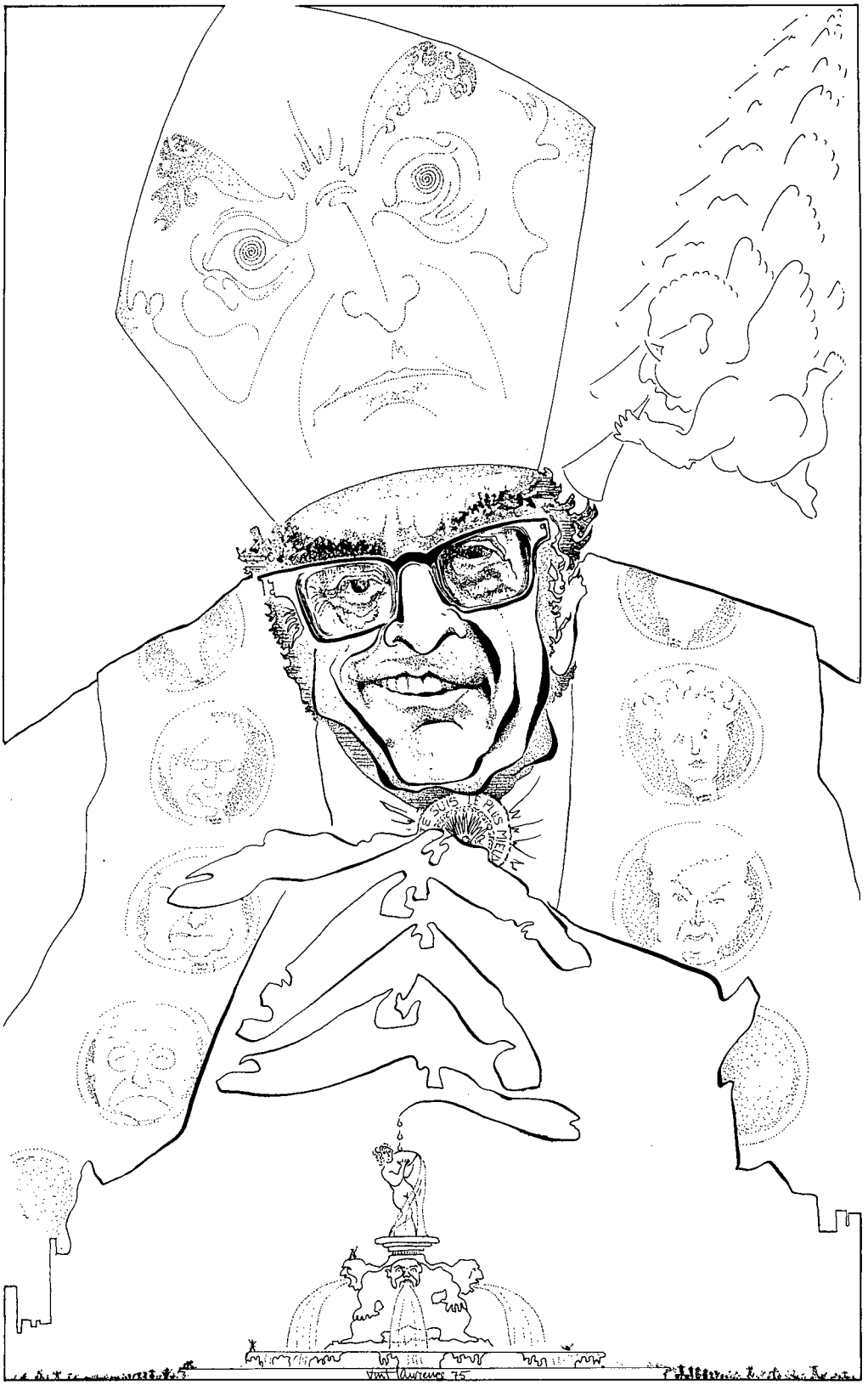
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUME SEVEN NUMBER ONE
MARCH 1975

"The Most Famous Journalist in America" *by James Fallows*	Joseph Kraft has days on which he's as good as he thinks he is, but too often too little time to prepare and too much deference to the powerful produce dullness and predictability.	4
All the Presidential Men *by Paul R. Clancy*	Who the Great Mentioner shouldn't have overlooked. Congressmen choose from their colleagues the non-candidates who they think would make the best President.	23
Was Sirhan Sirhan On the Grassy Knoll? *by Tom Bethell*	A former associate of Jim Garrison tells what all conspiracy buffs have in common.	31
SPECIAL BOOK SECTION		40
Political Book Award		42
ROBERT CARO AND *THE POWER BROKER*		
The Master Builder *by David Hapgood*	Robert Moses has changed the shape of New York forever.	43
The Master Biographer *by Charles Peters*	Robert Caro could do the same for contemporary history.	47
Good Legislation Has Nothing to Do With It *by Walter Shapiro*	A new book on Congress shows why our legislators pay so little attention to the substance of their work and why the situation is not likely to change with the new Congress.	49
Taste, Class, and Mary Tyler Moore *by Suzannah Lessard*	Once family background determined social class. Now it's more important to know the name of the right artist.	55

MEMO OF THE MONTH 22
THE POLITICAL PUZZLE 62
TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES 54
POLITICAL BOOK NOTES 63

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Most Famous Journalist in America

by James Fallows

"I think I'm good," said Joseph Kraft, and paused to pick up the phone. He was sitting in the basement office of his home in Washington's Georgetown on election day 1974. Upstairs there were *Paris Review* posters on the wall and *objets d'art* from China on the coffee tables. Here in his office, his secretary typed quietly behind him while Kraft took the call from Gerald Warren at the White House. Kraft was leaving for Greece in a few days, on assignment for *The New Yorker*, and before he left he wanted to arrange a rendezvous with President Ford's party in Japan.

"Look, Jerry, I just want to be sure we have things straight. I am one of the very few people with a serious interest in both the domestic and foreign implications, and. . . ." he stopped for a moment to listen. "Look, I think my case is very strong."

He hung up and came back to the question under discussion, the changing fortunes of the newspaper column as an institution, with special emphasis on the columns of Joseph Kraft.

"I think I'm good, and I think the reason I'm good is that I think hard and I work hard. I'm the hardest-working columnist I know."

He had been speaking very quickly, leaning forward in his chair and looking his visitor in the eye. Now he tilted back and said more reflectively, "I've had a very successful career as a columnist. I like my job. I get up in the morning, and, you know, I really do like what I do all day. It's gone very well for me."

Indeed it has, and Kraft is not the only one to say so. Since he took his first job 25 years ago as an editorial writer for *The Washington Post*, Kraft has risen to the top of political journalism. He spent a total of seven years at the *Post* and the Week in Review section of *The New York Times*. In 1957 he began free-lancing. One year later he won the Overseas Press Club's award for "Best Magazine Reporting" for coverage of the Algerian civil war. In 1960 Kraft signed on as a speechwriter with John Kennedy's presidential campaign. He was

James Fallows is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Too thoughtful, too thorough, too significant to ignore."
— Elliot Richardson

Three tumultuous years have elapsed since publication of

THE LIMITS TO

the Club of Rome's famous study of the five basic factors that determine and limit growth on this planet.

More than a million copies have been sold and thousands of analyses and criticisms have appeared throughout the world.

As Anthony Lewis predicted in **The New York Times,** it has become "one of the most important documents of our age."

The SECOND EDITION, just published, incorporates later world model simulation runs, alters some of the model's numerical parameters, provides greater detail for some of the dynamic phenomena, and contains 13 new figures.

At all quality bookstores
$7.50/$2.95 (paper)

A Potomac Associates Book
Published and distributed by Universe Books
381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016

apparently good at that, too, for in the first of his "Making of the President" books, Theodore White described Kraft as one of the two "ablest writers in America"—the other, in White's view, being John Barlow Martin. After the campaign Kraft succeeded William S. White as Washington correspondent for *Harper's*, a position he held until 1963, when, at the age of 39, he began writing his thrice-weekly syndicated column. Almost as soon as it appeared the column met acclaim. The British writer, Henry Fairlie, never renowned for his flattery, expressed a widely accepted view when he said that Kraft was "Lippmann's only visible successor." Walter Lippmann himself, Kraft's predecessor in the upper-left-hand corner of the *Post*'s op-ed page, called him "the most promising commentator of his generation," a judgment *Newsweek* reiterated in a story about Kraft in 1965. Anthony Lewis is one old friend who admires and respects him. Stanley Karnow is another. Even David Halberstam, whose personal distaste for Kraft is scarcely contained, wrote in *The Best and the Brightest* that Kraft was "one of the best political writers in America."

Kraft is intelligent: valedictorian of his class at Columbia in 1947, he spent a year at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study after graduation.

Kraft is well-connected: On his frequent travels abroad he consorts with the likes of Brandt and Brezhnev, Yevtushenko and Malraux, King Hussein, King Faisal, and Premier Chou En-lai. Back home, he and his wife Polly winter in Georgetown and summer in the Hamptons on Long Island, next door to Clay Felker, the editor of *New York*.

Kraft's column is widely read: *The Washington Post* gives him better placement than any other columnist, and outside Washington he appears in some 180 newspapers. He is denied the major outlet only in New York, where he is not in the *Times* but the *Post*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Despite all this, Joseph Kraft's career illustrates all too clearly the limitations of his form of political commentary. In the columns and magazine articles he has written over the last 12 years, Kraft has treated political personalities in a distorted and misleading way. In his analysis of domestic affairs he has too often been blind to the most fundamental sources of change. In his coverage from abroad he has been uninformative and thin. These and his other shortcomings are significant because they are not unique to Kraft. Most of the other columnists are simply less successful versions of Joseph Kraft, sharing the same values and techniques and subject to the same constraints. By examining the way those constraints have affected Kraft, we may help explain the pallor and predictability of our columnists in general.

The Lippmann Legacy

First, some distinctions. Several different styles of column-writing have evolved during the last 50 years, but one has clearly predominated. That is the heavy-weight, "analytical" style, of which Lippmann was an early representative and Kraft is the current standard-bearer. The characteristic of these "analysts" is that they provide ideas, not information; they digest and reflect upon the news reported on the front page, rather than breaking the news themselves. The extent to which the "analytical" style has dominated the column is made clear by a list of the analysts: Lippmann, Kraft, Arthur Krock, James Reston, Tom Wicker, and Anthony Lewis (these last four all of *The New York Times*), Marquis Childs, the brothers Alsop, George F. Will, Charles Bartlett, William S. White, Carl Rowan, James J. Kilpatrick, and many others.

The "analysts," as this list suggests, are by no means homogeneous. To cite the main sub-group, there are the "conservative" analysts as opposed to the "liberals" like Wicker and Kraft. Every decade or so a promising conservative voice appears—William Buckley in the 1950s, James J. Kilpatrick in the 60s, now George Will in the 70s—and is hailed by onlookers hoping desperately to find the new Burke. But there is an overriding similarity between these conservatives and the liberals in their non-reportorial approach to the news. To see just how similar the analysts are, we need only consider the handful of columnists who have tried to do something besides pure "analysis" with their daily 800 words. There are really only three such alternate ideas about what a column should be.

The first alternate tradition is one that has recently fallen on hard times. During the 1950s and 1960s, Murray Kempton of the *New York Post* wrote a column that was different from any of its predecessors. Unlike the Lippmann-style columnists, Kempton would observe events first-hand and report on them in his column; but unlike the straight-news reporters who were also on the scene of breaking news, Kempton felt free to include in his column all the human nuance and political implication of the event. More recently, Jimmy Breslin has written in this vein, and Mary McGrory does it even now. What has changed since Kempton's days is the uniqueness of the product; with the coming of the "new journalism," the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

front page now contains the kind of "color stories" and news analysis previously left to Kempton and McGrory.

The second kind of non-analytical column is still going strong. It is the muckraking column pioneered by Drew Pearson and Robert Allen and now carried forward by Jack Anderson. What distinguishes Anderson's "Washington Merry-Go-Round" from the other categories of columns is its reliance on facts. Curiously, this column appears on *The Washington Post*'s comic page.

The third and newest category is that created by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak in the early 1960s. Like Pearson and Anderson, Evans and Novak provide facts; but unlike the "Washington Merry-Go-Round," the Evans and Novak column does not confine itself to muckraking. It is easy to make fun of the column's ludicrous bias in favor of Scoop Jackson and Melvin Laird; and serious charges of conflict-of-interest have been raised against Evans and Novak by Stephen Nordlinger in a recent issue of *[MORE]*. Still, these two men did have a new idea when they started the column, and on the days when their sources are in power, they can come up with stories no one else has.

With these three exceptions, the rest of the op-ed page is given over to the analysts, the Krafts and Restons who puff on their pipes and deliver their views of the world. On those mornings when the "analysis" consists of virtually identical views about the Future of the Democratic Party or the Meaning of Impeachment, it is tempting to conclude that everyone but the working reporters should be thrown off the paper. Never was this temptation stronger than during the year and a half of Watergate, when the contrast between the engrossing detail of the newspage and the columnists' stale opinions made one feel that the analysts could be dropped without loss. There is, however, a genuine need the analysts can fill, and that is to provide a sort of detachment and perspective one finds nowhere else in the press.

Perhaps the best illustration is the series of columns Walter Lippmann wrote during the fall of 1950 (and then recycled over the next few years to prove that he had been right). The question at the time was how far MacArthur could or should go with his North Korean invasion, and Lippmann argued that he should be pulled back fast. Lippmann based his position on an examination of the *pattern* of U.S.-Soviet relationships, which gave the invasion a different meaning than was immediately apparent. Since World War II, Lippmann said, the United States and Russia had reached a kind of gentlemen's agreement about incursions on one another's territory. When the Russians acted to upset the "status quo" in some portion of the world—in Berlin, in Greece, in Iran—we would act to restore the status quo, but no more. We would start the Berlin airlift, but we would not bomb the daylights out of East Germany. According to this pattern, we would respond in Korea by pushing the Communists back across the 38th parallel, thus restoring the status quo. By doing more than that, Lippmann said, we would run the risk of upsetting the gentlemen's agreement and enlarging the war—and of course he was right. MacArthur recklessly advanced to the Yalu river, the Chinese entered the war, and all sides were involved in three years of bloody and unnecessary conflict.

This example does not prove that columnists are always effective, but only that they have the potential of developing standards which will persuade some people and help others see how the government should act. No columnist can be expected to fulfill this potential every time; rather, the test is whether, in the long run, the columnist provides the perspective that the rest of the press lacks.

It must be said straightaway that Kraft has provided the best kind of analysis on several crucial occasions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

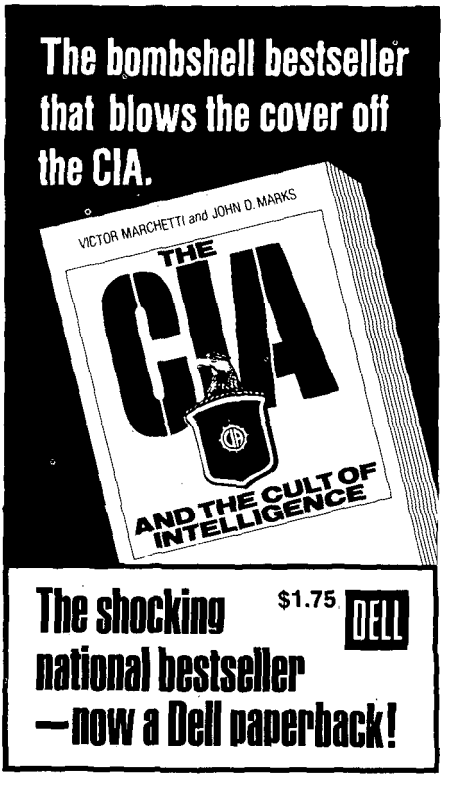
He was one of the first columnists to declare that the war in Vietnam was not going to work, a judgment he attributes to his experience with the guerrillas in Algeria. During the 1960s, Kraft also understood the limitations of the Great Society programs far better than most others who were writing at the time. In his first column after the Watergate burglary, Kraft noted that it defied logic or evidence to believe that Richard Nixon was not deeply involved. And, to give him credit for the most attractive aspect of his current performance, he continues to address the central question of public affairs at the moment, the question of the country's economic survival. While most other columnists stay away from the topic, perhaps from apprehension about their lack of expertise, only Kraft and Nicholas von Hoffman, so unalike in every other way, give consistent attention to our economic emergencies.

Yet to read back over 12 years of Kraft's output, as I have done, is to be struck not by his insight and perspective but by the opposite: by his inability to perceive some of the most significant kinds of change in the country, and his failure to detach his own critical standards from those of the people he is writing about.

Missing the Human Dimension

As the first illustration of Kraft's failed perspective, there is his treatment of the major political personalities of the last few years. A balanced portrayal of public figures is not easy to achieve. Both Washington, with its tendency to lionize whoever is in power, and New York, with its tendency to classify all politicians as charlatans and crooks, project one-sided views of political and human reality, overlooking the fact that most public figures are neither heroes nor villains but normal humans, with both good and bad sides. One of the services a columnist might provide would be to help correct this imbalance. Yet this is a service they neglect, and none more flagrantly than Joseph Kraft.

In 1963, Kraft wrote an article for *The Saturday Evening Post* about Oklahoma's Senator Robert Kerr. There could hardly be a richer subject for analysis, or one better suited for developing the human complexity. Kerr was an extremely smart man, one of the great masters of manipulation in the Senate. At the same time, he was Bobby Baker's dark angel—less because he wanted to enrich himself than because he seemed to be one of those people who takes deep pleasure in bringing others to corruption, as some men are sexually satisfied merely to witness the corruption of a woman. Such was the press corps' respect for technical proficiency, however, that almost no one wrote about the several sides of Robert Kerr—just as they avoided writing about Wilbur Mills until his pathetic downfall was thrust under their noses. Kraft, too, celebrated Kerr's technical skills and brushed aside questions



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about motivation, insisting that "the truer measure of his purpose" was his book on water conservation.

Kraft's problem is endemic to the press as a whole, and is more fully illustrated by his treatment of three other recent figures: McGeorge Bundy, John Connally, and Wilbur Mills. These men are textbook cases of the one-sided view of public personalities. All three were made heroes by the press—Bundy for his brains, Mills for his relentless mastery of the tax code, Connally for his charm and

force. All three were vilified in the end by that same press, apparently astonished to find a dark side to their knights. Far from correcting this excessive flattery, Kraft was one of the most rhapsodic members of the claque.

Consider, for example, his portrait of McGeorge Bundy, written as a magazine article in 1965 and republished the following year in Kraft's book, *Profiles in Power*. It concluded with these words: "The central fact, what I most want to say, is that Bundy is the leading candidate, perhaps the only candidate for the statesman's mantle to emerge in the generation that is coming to power—the generation which reached maturity in the war and post-war period. His capacity to read the riddle of multiple confusion, to consider a wide variety of possibilities, to develop lines of action, to articulate and execute public purposes, to impart quickened energies to men of the highest abilities, seems to me unmatched. To me, anyhow, he seems almost alone among contemporaries, a figure of true consequence, a fit subject for Milton's words:

A Pillar of State; deep on his
  Front engraven
Deliberation sat, and publick care;
  And princely counsel in his face...."

One reads these lines with wonder. What could have prompted Kraft to write them? The evident sincerity of the admiration is not in question. For the moment, the significant point is the lack of balance of this passage: the "good" side of Bundy, his intelligence and ability, is given here without any suggestion of his limitations or fallibility (for example, his role as one of the architects of the Vietnam war).

Kraft's treatment of Wilbur Mills was less extreme. Like most of the press, and his fellow columnists, Kraft emphasized Mills' technical virtuosity to the exclusion of all else. Within a relatively brief period in 1971—just before Mills decided to run for President—Kraft wrote half a dozen items about Mills in the following vein:

■ He wrote at one point that Mills' "four-cushion shot," involving legislation on trade reform, social security benefits, national health insurance, and revenue sharing, "is an achievement on the grand scale. No other man in the country has the mix of talent, outlook, and power to bring it off. And he emerges as a major national figure, sure to dominate the shaping of new health legislation that lies at the center of political action for the next few years."

■ "As Congress returns from its summer recess," he wrote on another occasion, "the man to watch is more than ever Chairman Wilbur Mills. . . . "

■ "By far the most consequential boomlet in progress," he continued as Mills' presidential campaign got under way, "is the scarcely visible one going

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Chairman Wilbur Mills."

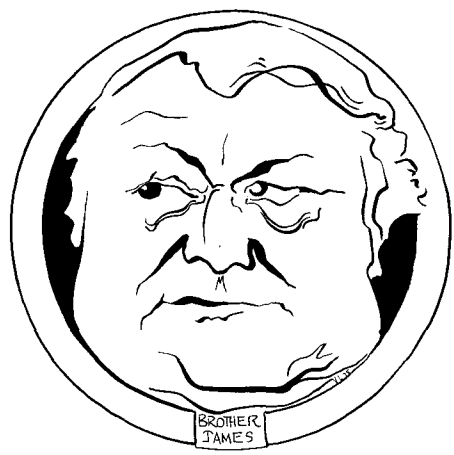
Small wonder that Mills believed he was the man with the "mix of talent, outlook, and power to bring it off" at the Democratic convention.

Kraft, now, is astonished that Mills should have drawn such a conclusion: "I would have thought his talents were distinctly congressional talents," he said in our interview. Poor Mills must have missed the distinction, and must have been equally mystified and angry when, in June of 1972, Kraft finally dismissed the Mills-for-President campaign as "one more reminder of a fact of Washington life that is especially painful for those of us who have admired the Congressman from Arkansas. The fact is that even the most sagacious of Washington leaders lose their sense of proportion when bitten by the Presidential bug."

In the Connally story, as with Mills', what was missing was any counterweight to the prevailing mood of adulation—specifically, to the hoopla being put out by the White House about the new wonder-worker from Texas. Much later, after Connally had a few economic-policy mistakes to his discredit, Kraft came down harder on him than most other columnists did. But that was not before he had welcomed him to town with this cloying praise:

"It must be understood that Connally is one of the most able and intelligent men in American politics," Kraft wrote shortly after Connally's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury. "He is a born leader, intelligent in the analysis of problems, sensitive to surroundings, full of poise and public presence, and with great force." For balance, Kraft touched on Connally's bad points: "He is also a local patriot, not to say Texas firster. And he is not free of ambition, even vanity. . . . He is in close touch with the impressive young man sure to lead the Texas delegation to the convention in 1972, Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes."

Kraft had no way of knowing that Barnes would leave office in disgrace after the Sharpstown bank scandal, or that Connally would soon be on trial. But if hs function was that of analyst rather than tout, he should have told us more. Connally's immediate background, after all, was big business in Texas, and the unmistakable motif of that background was money. From his dirt-poor upbringing in central Texas, through his $750,000 fee as executor of the Sid Richardson estate, to his service as a partner in the Houston law firm, Vinson, Elkins, Connally's career had revolved around the two poles of power and money—and Kraft mentioned only the first. When he finally got around to looking at Connally's other side, in a *New York* article published in May 1973, Kraft emphasized the money, and concluded that Connally "is a wheeler-dealer, and nothing can make him look like Caesar's wife." But how much of that cautionary advice had we previously



heard from Joseph Kraft? Not a bit. Even late in 1972 he was writing about Connally in terms of unmeasured praise: "Mr. Connally, judging by a chat in Washington last week, likes action at the highest level of government. He is not unaware of the historic things he has done in his short term of service as Secretary of the Treasury. He mightily believes he can do more in the same vein—perhaps as Secretary of State. But he does not expect to hold office again. Indeed, he wants to take himself out of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William McPherson, editor of *The Washington Post's* Book World section, took a trip through the Middle East last fall in the wake of Kraft's tour and found that Kraft had made a great impression. One of McPherson's early stops was Beirut. There, with the *Post*'s correspondent, Jim Hoagland, he looked for an English-speaking driver to take them around the town and found one who specialized in serving visiting Americans. As they struck up a conversation, the driver was interested to learn that they were journalists. "Do you know," he said, "that the most famous journalist in America was in my car?" McPherson and Hoagland looked at each other, then asked the driver who he meant. He thought but could not remember the name. He could only remember the sound "K–" "K–." McPherson and Hoagland considered the possibilities. "Hodding Carter?" one of them asked. No, it was not Hodding Carter. They thought a moment more. "Joseph Kraft?" "Ah yes, it was Joseph Kraft. He told me himself he was the most famous journalist in America."

Shortly thereafter McPherson was in Petra, Jordan, again looking for a guide. While negotiating with one man, McPherson mentioned again that he worked for a newspaper. The man's eyes lit up. "Do you know," he said, "the most famous journalist in America was here. . . ." This time, as it turned out, Kraft had not actually dealt with McPherson's guide. He hadn't needed a guide because he'd arrived by helicopter with King Hussein and left the same way.

partisan zone, the better to continue distinguished service in the foremost appointive offices."

Apart from simple gullibility, which is hardly the case with Kraft, there are two explanations for his misjudgment. One has to do with technique—the challenge of turning out decent material at the columnist's grueling pace. The other concerns values—the things toward which Kraft is reverent, and those he holds in contempt. At the risk of repetition, Kraft's difficulties in these two areas are typical of his fellow columnists, and that is why they deserve close examination.

More Deadlines Than Ideas

The first problem, that of technique, boils down to the question of how any writer can produce a fresh and thorough column three times a week. "I've considered doing a column," says Richard Reeves of *New York*. "I finally realized that a good column is essentially *an idea*, as a good magazine piece is an idea. Now, you know that most of us are lucky if we can come up with a dozen ideas a year, and that leaves a lot of columns to write."

Reeves is on to half the problem, for the time pressure causes more than a shortage of ideas. It is also responsible for the shortage of facts, since the 48 hours that separate one deadline from the next allow little time for serious research.

Over the years columnists have had one classic response to the idea shortage, and that is simple recycling. Kraft returns every few columns to his Message about the Economy (that we need a variety of remedies rather than a single quick fix), as Joseph Alsop used to return to the Decline of the West. In general, this is far less objectionable than the consequences of the fact shortage, which leaves the familiar ideas resting on thin air.

Given the unrelenting time pressure, can any writer prevent these shortages? Two "analytical columnists" have tried. Nicholas von Hoffman and William Raspberry, both based at *The Washington Post*, have been the genre's real innovators in means of gathering material. Raspberry's trick is to turn the traditional analyst's approach on its head: instead

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of reaching up to the Secretary of State or President for a shred of evidence on which to hang a column—as Kraft and Reston do—Raspberry reaches down, to the readers in suburban Maryland who complain about police brutality or lousy schools. Von Hoffman's approach is to read, read, read, ripping through the *Monthly Review* and *Bulletin* of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis in search of the fresh idea.

Sometimes von Hoffman's receptivity to unconventional ideas leads him right over the brink, and sometimes Raspberry's grass-roots columns grow as repetitious and thin as the high-level analysis of the conventional columnist. But at least these two have tried to find a way around the time constraints of the column—which is the very opposite of what one can say about Joseph Kraft. Instead of concentrating his limited resources on the column, Kraft has spread himself so unbelievably thin that he can only fail.

Apart from those three columns every single week, Kraft produces in a typical year the following: three or four substantial articles for *The New Yorker,* three or four shorter pieces for *New York,* and a handful of articles for the *Atlantic, The New York Review of Books,* and *The New York Times Magazine.* The *New Yorker* articles alone would be a full-time job for most writers; that Kraft can also write the column is evidence of his extraordinary productivity.

A comparison of Kraft's work from these different media makes clear how he allocates his efforts. His best work invariably appears in *The New Yorker*; those who know him only from his columns would be astonished at the difference. Kraft's specialty for *The New Yorker* is foreign affairs. His recent contributions have included dispatches from both sides of the Middle East, from Greece and Russia, and from the OPEC minister's meeting in Vienna. These articles do have their drawbacks; like another of *The New Yorker*'s foreign correspondents, Robert Shaplen, Kraft often projects a high-road chatting-yesterday-with-the-prime-minister view of foreign affairs. Nonetheless, the articles are usually well-written, informative, and demonstrably the result of careful work.

Next down the scale are Kraft's pieces for *New York.* "Nobody at the magazine thinks the pieces are any good," says Richard Reeves. "Are they considered thin?" he was asked. "Thin is hardly the word for them. Sometimes you can tell that Kraft is making up the copy as he dictates over the phone, because he'll stumble

From Alexander Cockburn's "Press Clips" column in the *Village Voice*:

Under the heading "Lead of the Week," Cockburn quotes the following from Kraft: " 'Not far from the vast imperial palaces built by the Hapsburgs; hard by the Burgtheater, where the purest of all German was once supposed to be spoken; facing the ancient university where Freud once taught; diagonally across from the perfect Gothic-style twin-steepled Votivkirche, built to celebrate the Emperor Franz Josef's escape from an assassination attempt, there stands, at No. 10 Dr. Karl Lueger-Ring, an ordinary modern building of concrete and glass.'

"Who could this be but our old friend Joe Kraft again," Cockburn continues, "writing in *The New Yorker* about OPEC. Kraft is awfully above himself in this article. He meets the Secretary-General of OPEC, Dr. Khene. 'When I greeted him in French,' reports Kraft, 'he was visibly pleased.' I should say so. If a fellow said to you, 'Bonjour, Monsieur, je suis Joseph Kraft, meilleur ecrivain, homme le plus intelligent parmi tous les columnistes du monde,' you might be pleased too."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and take a long time over the words. If someone asks him to repeat a line, he'll come up with something entirely different from what he said the first time." A more charitable view comes from editor Clay Felker, who is a devoted friend of Kraft. He too was asked about the "thin" pieces, and replied, "I couldn't disagree more. You have to understand that many of the stories are very, very quick responses to immediate assignments—two or three days, maybe, reacting to an event. Joe Kraft has a body of information and contacts that no one else has, and so in even that amount of time he can say something no one else can."

Felker mentioned a few of the stories he considered successes—the 1973 piece debunking John Connally, another about the "real reason" behind the firing of Archibald Cox—and concluded, "I feel very strongly that what he does for us is better than his columns." With that judgment, unfortunately, we must agree.

One can sympathize with the predicament that leads him to slight his column. If Kraft has power and prominence these days, he has earned them by himself, for he is a purely independent entrepreneur, without even the institutional security of a columnist on the staff of the *Times* or the *Post*. He has earned something rarer as well—the privilege of a personal platform; and if, to preserve that privilege, he feels he must visit the editors of small-town papers or pay court to big-city publishers, it would be hard to fault him for it. His outside articles are sensible for him not only because they are lucrative (Kraft says that his income from all sources is "in six figures," but his expenses are also high), but also because, by adding to his celebrity, they help him sell the column.

But sympathy only goes so far, when it becomes clear that Kraft's efforts to protect his column have destroyed its very quality. The contrast between Kraft's magazine articles and his columns is not quite as dramatic as in the case of Garry Wills, who writes brilliant long essays while turning out one of the sloppiest columns in the business. But the efforts Kraft would be embarrassed to show William Shawn or even Clay Felker are served up readily on the op-ed page. As proof, I invite any reader to compare the series of columns Kraft wrote on his long foreign tour last fall with the two recent *New Yorker* pieces that grew out of the same trip. *The New Yorker* articles are informative, if idiosyncratic: "Even the wily Odysseus, with the help of the prototypical trio—the faithful wife, Penelope; the dutiful son, Telemachus; and the original Jeeves, Eumaeus—did not manage his return to power more smoothly than has the veteran Democratic politician Konstantine Karamanlis," was the lead of his Greek piece. Cf. Kraft's 1974 column on Cyprus beginning, "Odysseus at his wiliest couldn't have put together a more clever ending than the outcome which now emerges from the Cyprus conflict."

The columns, on the other hand, included some of Kraft's thinnest efforts in recent memory. Most notable was his account of a dinner party with Melina Mercouri.

The Mercouri column is significant, for it illustrates one classic time-saving device columnists so often fall back on. Lacking the time for genuine inquiry and analysis, especially when

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traveling abroad, Kraft and his fellow columnists often "report" by arranging cameo appearances—interviews with famous personages whose simple presence justifies the column even though no new information is transferred. Most of Kraft's subjects are more plausibly significant than Mercouri—King Hussein, the Shah, etc.—and so the ploy is less readily apparent.

This and the columnists' other time-saving devices have serious consequences, one of which is illustrated by a scene from Kraft's latest foreign tour. Kraft was in the anteroom of the Greek prime minister's office awaiting his interview. The prime minister was delayed, and as the time went by it became clear that Kraft was not the only one waiting for the promised interview. Another journalist was there as well, and in an effort to provide the greatest good for the greatest number, the prime minister's aide finally said, "Well, gentlemen, I'm afraid you'll have to see the prime minister together." At that Kraft leaped up and said, "I'm Joseph Kraft, and I'm accustomed to seeing people on time! And when I see them, I'm accustomed to seeing them alone!"

Old Faithful

The scene in the prime minister's office is a grotesque parable for one consequence of the all-star system of column-writing. Because Kraft and his colleagues are counting so heavily on the cameo appearance by the political star, they become desperate if these contacts are threatened. In the long run, they learn to avoid situations where any remote threat exists—where their phone calls would be ignored and their access cut off. The result is what the economists would call a "risk averse" philosophy among the columnists.

If a reporter like Seymour Hersh is the wildcat driller of the journalism business, willing to risk (at the *Times*' expense) 20 dry holes in search of one gusher, then columnists like Kraft are Mobil Oil. Their success depends not on the high-quality surprise find, but on a steady, predictable flow. More than other journalists, they must be able to expect that their calls will be returned, their lunches productive. This necessity can affect not only the topics they select but also the way they choose to write about them.

The point was never more bluntly expressed than by Kraft himself, in his *New York* article about Connally. "As I had known John Connally," he said, "and written favorably of him as Governor of Texas and Secretary of the Treasury, I thought there would be little difficulty in arranging an appointment." Kraft is not saying he deliberately flattered Connally in order to get an appointment, but the connection between writing "favorably" about a public figure and having easy access to him, cannot be lost on men as perceptive as John Connally or Joseph Kraft.

The ill harvest of this time-saving device, the concentration on governmental all-stars, involves something more than overly charitable treatment for types like Connally. The danger, more simply, is that so much attention, charitable or otherwise, lies in focusing on the Connallys of the world and so little on the subtler, more fundamental forces which shape public affairs. Drawn by their time constraints toward the easily visible public figures, the columnists become the printed press' version of the TV news. The world they present is one of Fords, Kissingers, and Connallys, an ascendant one in which bureaucratic, economic, even historic forces play little part. Some columnists may actually believe this is the way the world works. Nicholas von Hoffman

MAKE YOUR OWN BOOK.
Write to The Washington Monthly for our complete list of over 300 reprints.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is an exception and has put it: "If you really believe that it makes a difference whether Mr. Simon is in or out at the White House, then you spend a lot of time talking to him and his friends. A lot of people do seem to believe that Mr. Simon makes a difference. But if it is your profound conviction that when Mr. Simon goes, he will be replaced by another Mr. Simon, then you look someplace else for ideas about the economy."

Kraft's problem is not any such a naive belief in appearances; Kraft knows that there is more to government than the whims of the political all-stars. In his book, *Profiles in Power*, he takes great pains to describe the complexities of public life and the constraints on apparent power. But all too rarely do these distinctions appear in his column, and the most obvious explanation is the pressure of space and time. Specifically, by neglecting to tell his readers about the hidden dimension in public affairs—the part which depends on rules of bureaucratic behavior, and which often contradicts the superficial logic of a situation—Kraft has overlooked three of the most important developments of recent years.

■ Amid his reports from the war zone and his ceaseless broadsides against Lyndon Johnson's war policies, Kraft in no way indicated how great the struggle was within the Administration, especially during the time between the Tet offensive of 1968 and the beginning of the Nixon presidency. Temporarily, at least, Clark Clifford and his allies, turned the war policy around, and the story of their successes and failures might have helped explain the part of the war neither the hard-liners nor the antiwar forces seemed to understand—the non-ideological, bureaucratic forces that sustained it. Kraft's omission is the more tragic because he *did* understand. He revealed just how well he understood that bureaucratic culture when, in the summer of 1971, he began arguing that the Pentagon Papers were misleading and inconsequential. To judge by the Papers, Kraft said, one would conclude that Robert McNamara's assistant, John McNaughton, was the most intransigent hawk, whereas anyone who knew McNaughton understood that he was playing a delicate bureaucratic game. His personal conviction had turned against the war, but he saved those arguments for McNamara alone, meanwhile protecting his bureaucratic position by sounding like a tough, determined member of the team whenever he had to commit his views to paper. Kraft was exactly right about McNaughton—but had never mentioned it before, not even after McNaughton's death in a plane crash in 1967, when the need to protect his confidence presumably ended.

■ Neither during Nixon's four years of the war did Kraft explore one of the most troubling questions of all. Why those wonderful dove senators never got around to voting for a strong antiwar bill. He made no attempt to understand what their fears were and how those fears might be set to rest.

■ While his first column after the Watergate burglary was more perceptive than most, up until that time, Kraft, with all his high-level contacts, had provided no insight about the palace guard structure of the Nixon White House. In this, unfortunately, he was typical not only of other columnists, but of the press in general.

By his over-commitment, then, Kraft has painted himself into a corner where only a limited number of topics are within reach and from which he must project a view of politics he himself knows to be false. He is not alone in his corner, but that is small consolation to the reader as he scans the op-ed page.

Cult of Responsibility

Yet there is something more than haste at the root of Joseph Kraft's difficulties, something sure to affect his least hurried work. To explore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what it is we must enter the realm of speculation and examine the beliefs which undergird Kraft's writing. One word will emerge as the key to his attitudes and to those of his peers. The word is "responsibility," and it requires careful definition.

One way to begin the definition is to consider the words other than "responsibility" that come to an outsider's mind when thinking about Kraft, Reston, Alsop, and the rest. The first word might be "reverence" —reverence for the established institutions of government and society, and for the people who control them. Nicholas von Hoffman clarifies by contrast, for he is utterly irreverent of leaders and organizations. A second word might be "loyalty"—the sense so many columnists project that they will be dealing with the same cast of governmental characters tomorrow and next year, and that they will not carelessly abuse the privilege. A third word, connected to the previous two, is "elitism": the understanding that a certain class of people is better equipped than most to deal with the problems of the world, and that—happy fortune—most men who have power deserve it. A final word is "respectability"—the columnists' reluctance to take either the outrageous or the embarrassing position, and their consequent overcaution. Again, von Hoffman is the illuminating exception, for he is the one columnist willing to embarrass himself in his search for new ideas.

Following the example of Walter Lippmann, Joseph Kraft does not hesitate to apply the term "elitist" to himself; but probably neither he nor his colleagues would accept the foregoing outsider's description of them as accurate. If forced to choose a single word to describe themselves, the word would most likely be "responsible." As Kraft put it during our interview, "I think the column is distinguished from the rest of the press by its sense of intellectual responsibility. You know, the press as a whole suffers terribly from intellectual irresponsibility, perhaps because it's always part of the opposition. You can say of a few columnists—not all of them, but a few, such as Joseph Alsop, with whom I have profound disagreements—you can say that at least they are willing to take responsibility for the consequences of their ideas."

To people like Kraft, this kind of "responsibility" implies a hard-headed acceptance of the complexity of things, a mature understanding that the easy answers are almost never the right ones. Their outlook is akin to that "responsibility" of the young lawyer who decides, after four years of talk about "the public interest," to join the large private firm. He knows all too well that his friends will over-simplify his motives. He is sadly aware that their condemnation will be automatic and facile. He wishes he could communicate to his friends the excitement and importance of playing hardball on the inside of an immensely complex and powerful world, of being tested against the best. But he is resigned, finally and tragically, to the

Search and Seizure

A Dilemma of the Supreme Court

by Erwin N. Griswold

Focusing on 1972-73 decisions involving Fourth Amendment protection against "unreasonable search and seizure," a distinguished jurist considers the problems such cases pose for the Court and suggests possible solutions.

March 1975 Cloth $5.95

Individuals please prepay or give BankAmericard or Master Charge number and expiration date.

50¢ minimum shipping charge. 3½% tax in Nebraska.

University of Nebraska Press

Lincoln 68508

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impossibility of such communication and the necessity of living with misguided censure. In that resignation he makes it easier for himself to avoid the more serious questions about his new life.

There is a secret shared between that lawyer, the "responsible" columnist, and the men who make the tough decisions in the White House and the Senate. They all know that the public will call for unbroken eggs and omelets too, that it will not be grateful to those who shoulder its burdens. They understand *Coriolanus* too well.

Living within this world, the responsible columnist comes to respect its noblemen, the class of public servant exemplified by Acheson, McCloy, Bundy, and Kissinger. Respecting them, he seeks their respect in return. Reston and Alsop sit in the Metropolitan Club, sipping drinks and exchanging views with the leaders, placed among heavy-weights as equals. This physical contact is only the most obvious manifestation of the quest for mutual respect. Similar feelings affect the spirit of those columnists who consider the Metropolitan Club a waste of time but who aim their most important work not at the public but at these, their responsible peers in government. These responsible leaders would be disappointed and shocked if Joe Kraft or Scotty Reston leaked a document which rudely upset the policymakers' applecart—as Jack Anderson and Seymour Hersh have several times done. They would be disappointed, too, if Kraft or Reston publicly attacked a Kissinger or a Bundy, knowing he was doing his best. As Kraft explained about Kissinger in the fall of 1974, "Anybody who attacked him was running the risk of playing into the hands of the hard-liners. A good many of us accepted that line and pulled punches."

As this quote suggests, a large element of "responsibility" is trust—the deep-seated confidence that the Kissingers and Bundys will do the right thing. This is a significant element, because it helps explain the difference between several of the most skilled analytical columnists. In terms of ability and energy, five analysts are a clear cut above their peers: Kraft, Reston, George Will, Wicker, and Lewis—but only the first three are "responsible" in the sense just described. The simplest way to state the difference is that Wicker and Lewis have lost their sense of trust. Ten years ago, most of them were fully as reverent, fully as "responsible" as the Kraft-Reston mainstream; Lewis' treatment of Abe Fortas and the justices of the Supreme Court in *Gideon's Trumpet* is a reminder of that fact. The trust is there no longer because of what happened in the intervening years—Wicker's experience at Attica and Lewis' with the war. A core of bitterness and mistrust has crept in and dissolved the strands of responsibility that still bind their peers.

This "responsibility" has a good side, and that is its resistance to the mushy thinking of the left. "There is a certain kind of liberal," George Will has said, "who thinks that because Richard Nixon was guilty, Alger Hiss must have been innocent." Joseph Kraft would never be that kind of liberal. He was raised in a generation acutely aware of the dangers of mindless, emotional leftism. During those post-war years at Columbia, Kraft and his contemporaries needed only to look back to the 1930s, to Clifford Odets and the rhapsodic, *Mission to Moscow*-type visions of kindly Uncle Joe Stalin, to realize how large a dose of intellectual rigor the nation's liberals needed. Kraft took courses under Lionel Trilling during those years, and one of the highest accolades Trilling could give was "tough." In the preface to *The Liberal Imagination*, Trilling elaborated on the kind of toughness he called for: "It has for some time seemed to me that a criticism which has at heart the interest of liberalism might find its most useful work not in confirming liberalism in its sense of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general righteousness but rather in putting under some degree of pressure the liberal ideas and assumptions of the times."

Suckered by the Right

This is the credo under which Kraft operates, and it is the best thing about his "responsible" generation. Kraft did put the Great Society "under some degree of pressure" when others did not; he did understand the terrifying implications of the Weathermen and the Black Panthers; he has seen, within the last few months, that the reaction provoked by the CIA scandals is often too simplistic. He has seen that it's wrong to condemn all forms of secrecy and every request for foreign intelligence, because he knows that in certain cases secrecy and intelligence may be essential.

But even to mention these CIA columns immediately shifts our attention to the bad side of "responsibility"—that it can turn intelligent men into uncritical suckers for the mushy thinking of the respectable center and right.

It is disappointing, but no great surprise, when a "conservative" like George Will falls for the right's old slogans—as Will has done, for example, in saying that liberals shouldn't complain about corporate tax loopholes because they were originally enacted by Democratic Congresses. It is more surprising, and equally disappointing, when it happens to Kraft. Its most recent occurrence has been his columns on the CIA; for while picking the proper holes in the emotional case against the agency, Kraft has bought every bit of the mindless conventional "security" pitch coming from the other side. He has been absolutely insensitive to the valid complaints about duplicity and secrecy in our foreign relations, as he was the last time these issues came to the fore. That was late in 1971, when Jack Anderson published the "India-Pakistan Papers." These, the edited transcripts of a National Security Council meeting, showed that Henry Kissinger had been lying about American policy on the subcontinent war. Their significance was that foreign policy was being made in the dark. Neither the Congress nor the public knew that we were deciding to support one side over the other, so neither had a chance to advise, acquiese, or complain. Kraft seemed incapable of understanding this point, directing his outrage instead at the tastelessness of the leak. His comments are worth quoting at some length for the insight they provide into the "responsible" frame of mind:

"Seen thus starkly, Kissinger told a flat lie. . . . But so what? Does the new evidence do more than confirm a universal judgment? After the U-2 at the Bay of Pigs and the credibility gap, is there anybody not impossibly naive or ill-informed who doesn't know that the government lies? Is one more bit of evidence a noble act? Or is it just a pebble added to the Alps? . . .

"There is every reason to figure bureaucratic rivalry as the key element in the background of the Anderson papers. There is no case for lionizing or even protecting the sources of the leak. On the contrary, for once there is a case for a presidential crackdown. Mr. Nixon's interest—and that of the country as a whole—is to find the sources of the leak and fire them fast."

In these columns, Kraft understood a partial truth—that the breach of security would drive the Nixon Administration deeper into its shell of secrecy—but he let that blind him to the larger issues. He even let it force him to the gracelessness of his "pebble added to the Alps" line, which implied that readers of his own column had been informed about government lying.

Loves and Hates

In his "responsible" myopia, Kraft embodies in particularly dramatic form an attitude which has spread into so many corners of our national culture. That attitude is the reverence

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal motivation is always more complicated than the outsider can readily apprehend, and so one hesitates to step onto this uncertain ground. Yet as one tries to understand how so many able men have been led down the same path, it is hard not to be struck by the apparent connection between "responsible" professionalism and the writer's social standing.

This is not a question of "social climbing," in its crass sense, but rather of elevation to a higher social plane, a more distinguished cast of associates. Tom Wicker provides one example in his new book, *A Time to Die*:

"The luncheon of the Bill Fay Club on Friday, September 10, 1971, was a gregarious affair as usual. The scene of the feast was the executive dining room of the National Geographic Society, in the Society's elegant building on Seventeenth Street Northwest, a few blocks from Lafayette Square and the White House. Members had sipped sherry in the office of Franc Shor, a Geographic editor, then moved into the dining room for lamb chops and an excellent wine. . . .

"Around Shor at the long table high above Seventeenth Street were Ambassador Frank Corner of New Zealand; Ambassador Egidio Ortona of Italy; A. Doak Barnett, the China specialist (a visitor that day); J. Carter Brown, the director of the National Gallery of Art; John Walker, Brown's immediate predecessor; William McChesney Martin, the former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board; Herman Wouk, the novelist; Richard Scammon, the political analyst and statistician; Edward P. Morgan, the radio and television commentator; and Tom Wicker, political columnist and associate editor of *The New York Times*. Former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford and Herbert Block—the *Washington Post*'s famous Herblock, as gentle in person as ascerbic in ink—were frequently at the club table, but were not present that day.

"These were erudite men, in everything from art to politics, as Tom Wicker had come to know. He always studied Franc Shor's wine choices with care, and was perennially surprised to find himself able to hold up his end of the conversation, and even on occasion to bring the table to his own point of view. But much of his life had been a surprise to him; and it was not only in the executive dining room of the Geographic that he sometimes had a vivid sense of having come a long, long way."

To take Kraft as another example, he is undeniably aware of the minute gradations of the social hierarchy. According to acquaintances, when Kraft and his wife hold a Christmas party, they hold two—one for the true elite and another for the rest of the people Kraft has worked with during the year. It is said that the first time Kraft met the British writer, Godfrey Hodgson, he told him, "You remind me of one of those English boys who wishes he had gone to Winchester and Magdalen"—which was exactly where Hodgson had gone. And there is the house in the Hamptons.

With antennae this acute, can Kraft have overlooked the class implications of his own story: raised on Central Park West, the son of a reasonably affluent Jewish textile manufacturer, sent first to the Fieldston School, then to Columbia, then Princeton, then on to the most WASP-ish sort of social respectability on the circuits of Washington, New York, and abroad. Talent undoubtedly played a large part in this rise, and Kraft himself may consider the social element to be insignificantly small, but when stacked up against the similar rises of so many other columnists, it may help provide one insight into the origins of responsibility.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for tough, skillful, professionalism, without regard to its results. Its most pronounced traits are its celebration of the proficient, unemotional, professional, be he lawyer, soldier, or diplomat and its corresponding contempt for the fuzzy-headed amateur, even when this sloppy fellow has something more important to say. Its effect on Kraft may be most clearly demonstrated by comparing the three objects of his most sincere respect—McGeorge Bundy, Henry Kissinger, and William Rehnquist—with three whom he utterly disdains—Daniel Ellsberg, Jack Anderson, and Allen Ginsberg.

Kraft's attitude toward Rehnquist was summed up in a column entitled, "Rehnquist: Top Mind," which endorsed him for the Supreme Court: "What the court needs is more brains. Mr. Rehnquist has them—more abundantly, perhaps, than any present member. And by uplifting the quality of the court in general, he will do far more than any particular decisions in any particular cases can do to enhance the values thoughtful men hold dear." His feelings about Bundy are already on the record. While he has not written about Kissinger in the same Miltonesque terms, one suspects that he would have, had he not already used them on Bundy.

Whatever superficial differences may separate them, these three men are the quintessence of hard-minded professionalism—and that is what Kraft has so enthusiastically celebrated. In doing so he has been blind to the dark side of professionalism—Bundy's role in the war, for example, or Rehnquist's decisions at the Justice Department. Only in Kissinger's case, in the critical columns he began writing after he found out he had been bugged, has Kraft shown the slightest awareness that men as intelligent as these might make mistakes. The complaint against Kraft is not that he failed to denounce these men, for each of them has his good side, but that his uncritical respect for position and power has deprived him of his critical standards.

Under opposite circumstances, when dealing with those he detests, Kraft is similarly blind—this time, to the good his enemies can do. When Ellsberg leaked the Pentagon Papers, Kraft's hatred of the act made him ridicule the man: "To a divorced man living in the semi-bohemian atmosphere of a Malibu beach house with a flashy sports car and an off-again on-again romance that eventually culminated in marriage, the themes of duty and guilt were heavy stuff." He contemptuously dismissed Anderson as a low-brow, unfit for the nuance of foreign policy: "He is not deeply versed in foreign affairs. No one who aims to change a line of international policy would single out Mr. Anderson for deflecting that result through the leak of secret information." To friends he has denounced Ginsberg as a "charlatan."

No doubt there is a bit of truth in what he says, for none of these three men is perfect. But it is equally beyond doubt that the three of them have seen things Kraft has failed to see. These contributions, Kraft refuses to acknowledge. In Ellsberg's case, Kraft wrote off the Pentagon Papers as "the non-event of the year." They were wholly uninformative, he said, since everyone had heard the same stories years ago. But of course they were informative, enormously so, for a reason no man as intelligent as Kraft could fail to understand—that it is one thing to speculate about how the government reaches its decisions, and something altogether different to have the evidence laid out on paper. Similarly, with Anderson Kraft could not bring himself to admit that there was a shred of value to the India-Pakistan disclosure.

The third pariah, Ginsberg, was even farther from the frontier of "responsibility" than Anderson or Ellsberg; but as the intellectual father of the counter-culture, he was perhaps more far-sighted than the others in helping us glimpse fundamental truths about our society. These same truths

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "responsible" analysts chose to ignore. To give only the most obvious illustration, Kraft and his colleagues utterly failed to understand the role that machismo has played in this nation's affairs, especially in the shaping of the Vietnam war. Nor have they grasped that the sexual revolution has helped unseat that mystique. Because ideas like this sounded loony when coming from Ginsberg, Kraft refused to touch them.

In one of his own analyses of the Washington press, published in 1966, Kraft concluded that "the central requirement is that the press and TV find and promote more intelligent and better-trained people. . . . We need, as Meredith once put it, 'More brain, O Lord, more brain.' " As applied to the columnists, this prescription is flawed. Kraft does have the brains; that is not his problem, or the columnists' in general. What he lacks is the time to devote himself properly to his columns, without cutting corners and without driving himself at the same frantic pace that gave him his first heart attack long before he was 50. While Kraft's overcommitment is unusual, nearly all of his colleagues are prisoners of the same time trap. The best way to free them might be to follow the example of *The New York Times*' op-ed page, which prints outside contributions only when the writer has something to say. None of these outsiders is expected to produce three times a week, and neither should the columnists. If the columnists were cut back to writing on a once-a-week basis, both they and their readers would benefit by the change.

Rather than extra brains, Kraft needs to give his intelligence free rein by removing the blinders of "responsibility" which now so restrict his view. In this, too, Kraft is the symbol of his colleague's predicament. By his ability and his drive, Kraft has made himself probably the best of the columnists' whole bunch, but that is primarily an indication of how much more they all have to do. ■

Memo of the Month

EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20506

OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN

January 15, 1975

MEMORANDUM TO: All Employees

FROM: Marie B. Jackson
Executive Assistant to the Chairman

SUBJECT: Staff Advisory

The Chairman asks that in the future he not be put on "hold" when he is making a direct call to a staff member.

If the person being called is not available, the Chairman should be told so and asked to call back or leave a message...and he will do so.

His time is very precious and full utilization of it is one of his top priorities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the Presidential Men

by Paul R. Clancy

"Scoop" Jackson, the Senator from Boeing, made it official a few weeks ago: he would again seek the Democratic presidential nomination. This time, he claimed, it is not going to be an impossible dream. But many Democrats who remember his deadly campaign style from 1972 and have kept up with his Senate record since then might argue with that prediction. With these liabilities, it is a reflection on the rest of the crop of announced candidates—men like Lloyd Bentsen, Eugene McCarthy, Fred Harris, and Jimmy Carter—that the press has declared Jackson the front-runner.

Although 1976 seems to be a Democratic year, it appears that the party might be in better shape to win the presidency if it didn't have to actually nominate a candidate. The Democratic Party is full of potentially attractive presidential candidates, men and women of integrity and proven ability. The problem is that few of them, if any, want to be in the White House badly enough to run the gauntlet necessary to win the nomination. They are not willing to make the Faustian compact that requires surrendering the personal qualities that make them attractive in the first place in order to endure the mind-numbing ordeal of a presidential campaign. This leaves the race for the Democratic nomination not to the swiftest but to the most driven.

The case of Richard Nixon should be enough to convince us of the necessity of keeping out of the White House men who are obsessed with getting there. Although the Democratic leaders have obviously learned this lesson, they aren't putting to use their hard-won knowledge. No one in the party is actively searching for presidential candidates who will not repulse an electorate weary of naked displays of unbridled ambition.

Nor is the daily press playing much of a role in the search for alternative presidential candidates. Political reporters do not feel free to write about possible candidates who haven't made recognizable moves in the presidential sweepstakes. They don't have to announce their candidacy, but they do have to play the game, say, by going on an extended "non-political" speaking tour or by loudly denying they want to run for President but refusing to rule out a draft.

Once these rumored candidates—mad dogs or light-weights though they may be—make it official, the press feels duty-bound to cover them like flypaper, even if the convention is still 18 months away. By primary time we will know more about them than we ever wanted to: how they stand in the polls, how they walk, how they talk, whether they drink, what they drink, and, occasionally, what they think or how they collapse under pressure. They are the official candidates because they have held countless press conferences to tell us so.

Since it appears likely that whomever the Democrats nominate will be

Paul R. Clancy is a Washington writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our next President, it is more than just an academic exercise to ask the simple question: who are the people of true ability and integrity who could lead the country? Given the failure of traditional styles of presidential leadership in recent years and given the unprecedented problems we face in terms of both the economy and our demand for energy, the ideal occupant of the White House should be a person with fresh ideas and a fresh conception of the office. The current political debate suggests that our problems have grown so vast that it is unreasonable to expect anyone—even a President—to have too many answers. What's needed is not a candidate with a detailed program, but one with high ideals and intelligence, the flexibility of mind to try new approaches, an intuitive understanding of the political process, and the strength of character not to be seduced by the trappings of high office.

Forget for the moment the tenets of political realism, forget the absurd hurdles that stand between anyone and a presidential nomination. Let's just try to answer the question: Who are the most qualified?

Although there are certainly governors and other public figures who have what it takes, Congress, the traditional home of presidency-seekers, is not a bad place to start the search. So, during recent weeks I have been on Capitol Hill, in both the Senate and the House. I have talked with aides, their loafered feet propped on desks piled high with papers, with reporters curled up on the comfortable couches in the congressional press galleries, and with members of Congress themselves. The answers varied greatly, from one wire service reporter who said he wouldn't trust any of those sons-of-bitches to run the country to a senator who told me this story about baseball manager Leo Durocher:

Frustrated with a bumbling rookie center-fielder, the old Dodger manager grabbed a glove to show him how the outfield should be played. After missing every ball that was hit to him, Durocher turned to the rookie in disgust and growled, "You've screwed up center field so bad, nobody can play it." That may be what Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon have done to the presidency.

But beneath the cynicism and the jokes, you discover some keepers of the flame. Ask the standard questions and you get the standard answers: It ought to be Jackson because he can bring back the labor vote, or Muskie because he can hold the center. As the tough-minded reform congressman from Minnesota, Donald Fraser, told me, "I don't look for the ideal candidate; I look for the best among the possible." But why not the ideal? Suppose the country is looking for someone with heart and brains and substance. Suppose no one has it locked up by convention time. Who really has enough sense of himself and the needs of the country to lead? Suddenly you're in another ball game. There is a gleam in the eye. The pragmatists begin talking about things like a grasp of history, a healthy sense

Dev O'Neill

Donald Fraser

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of humor, and personal decency.

I have come away with what must be the most comprehensive list of people who almost certainly will never run for President but, given a different set of political realities, could or even should. Most of those on the list are in the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, but there are exceptions. And all give the impression of being too bright to become slaves of political ideology.

Just Plain Gaylord

One of the least likely to run, and at the same time the man regarded by many as most suited for the job, is Gaylord Nelson, now in his thirteenth year in the Senate. As a former governor of Wisconsin, Nelson has administrative experience. He is deceptively sharp, but because he is so loose, relaxed, and funny, because he takes you back so effortlessly with his high, flat accent to Clear Lake, Wisconsin, where he grew up, because he is balding and a little paunchy, he comes across as just plain folks. He can make audiences laugh with down-home jokes and then bring them to their feet cheering for cleaning up the environment, for breaking up General Motors, or for stopping the arms race.

Nelson's speech against confirmation of Nelson Rockefeller sums up what he has been talking about for years. The giantism which the Rockefeller dynasty represents is to Nelson one of the gravest dangers imaginable, a threat to the freedom and vitality of the nation.

Maybe it's the pictures on his office walls, like scenes of deer standing in fields of deep snow, or the way he sits, within easy reach of the books on his shelves, and gestures expansively with his arms when he talks; there is a comfortableness about Nelson that makes communication easy.

Nelson doesn't want to be President now for the same reason he didn't accept McGovern's offer to join him on the ticket three years ago: "I'm more comfortable in my role as critic of the system." Oh, he supposes he'd take the nomination if the party gave it to him, but they wouldn't. Not with the controversial things he believes and has said. He is convinced that if he continued as a candidate to talk about the "vital" issues he's concerned about and not just the patchwork cures like increased unemployment compensation, "I'd get run right out of the ballpark."

Nelson's concerns go to management of the world's resources, the wasteful, perhaps fatal, reliance on an overgrown military budget, and the disease of giantism, whether giant cities, giant corporations, giant schools, or a giant federal government. All of them should be broken up and replaced by efficient, manageable, competitive units. He would like to return the bulk of the federal government's responsibilities to the states, which, if given the chance, could manage things far better. If they can't, Nelson believes that the voters would eventually choose state officials who could.

Besides intelligence, compassion, and integrity, Nelson says a President should have the capacity to laugh at himself. "I don't trust anybody with power who doesn't have a sense of humor, a good, self-deprecating sense of humor. These dedicated, serious, non-humorous people frighten me."

Perhaps the greatest tribute to Gaylord Nelson came after the 1972 Democratic convention when both George McGovern and Tom Eagleton chose him as the honest broker they needed to mediate the negotiations that led to Eagleton's resigning from the ticket. Although McGovern won no plaudits for his handling of the affair, it is apparent that Nelson carried out his own vital role in the drama with both integrity and compassion. When it was all over, Eagleton's wife, Barbara, was warm with praise for the Wisconsin senator. Since the presidency, as much as anything, requires the ability to handle people, the Eagleton affair is an indication that Gaylord Nelson is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gaylord Nelson

more than man enough for the job.

But Nelson doesn't want to run for the same reasons Walter Mondale decided to withdraw his bid for the nomination after a year of testing the waters. When Mondale saw the grueling year and a half that lay ahead, he realized that he didn't want the White House badly enough to give up his personal life and become the political automaton that a presidential race requires. That decision says something about the man and the system.

Mondale is not really a product of the system. He was initially appointed to the two political offices he has held—first as attorney general of Minnesota and then, 10 years ago, when Hubert Humphrey stepped into LBJ's shadow, as senator. Although he subsequently had to win re-election on his own, he has never had to consider the consequence of no longer being Walter Mondale.

In the eyes of colleagues and reasonably neutral observers, Mondale, nonetheless, has most of the qualities the next Democratic nominee ought to have. In Congress, he is usually meticulously prepared, frequently witty, and always appears to be deeply committed to whatever cause he is advocating. He does much better, however, in the small hearing rooms that are a senator's usual domain than before huge throngs at campaign rallies. But in the era of television, where there is no longer the need to project to the back row of Madison Square Garden, this may not be fatal. Mondale is certainly well thought of in the Senate. Said Bill Pursley, an aide to Florida's Senator Dick Stone, "He'd be able to appeal to people's best instincts, instead of their worst." Said colleague Alan Cranston of California, "Fritz Mondale may have all of the right qualities, which is one reason why he might not be a candidate."

Cranston, considered one of the ablest leaders of the liberal wing of the Senate, is also one of the men in Washington least likely to run for President. The quality that has made Cranston so successful in recent months is his lack of interest in self-promotion. This is quite evident in Cranston's office, where he is not referred to in reverent tones as "the Senator," as so many others are, but simply as "Alan." Having an interview with him is more of an informal dialogue than a press conference and, more than likely, friends of Cranston who happen to have dropped by will gather around to listen. You get the feeling that he, his staff and friends are all part of a big family, and if you want to come for dinner, there's always a place. When I went to talk with him, he summed up his views on leadership by reciting a poem by Lao Tsu:

A leader is best
When people hardly know
That he exists.
Less good when they
Praise and obey him,
Worse when they
Fear and despise him.
But of a good leader,
When his aim is met,
His dreams fulfilled,
They will say:
"We did this ourselves!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alan Cranston

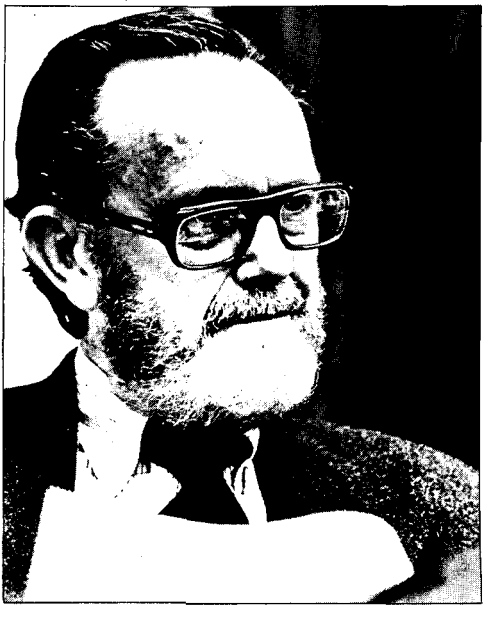
There is no glory in being Alan Cranston. In his view, there should be no glory in being President. He has seen the pretentiousness of imperial majesty in the Nixon White House and has found it revolting. With all the power that has been drawn to the office of President since the Depression, he believes, corruption is inevitable. Too much emphasis on the ability of a single leader to take us out of the wilderness is a mistake, Cranston said. That is why he believes in the Senate and wants to stay there. Congress is just as capable of leading, maybe more so, if its talented members would stick to their jobs and forget about reaching for the Big Prize.

"I'd love to be President," Cranston said, his lanky left leg slung over the arm of a stuffed chair in his office. "But I'm not going to neglect the job I've been elected to fill in order to seek it."

An even less likely candidate than Cranston is the quiet, intense, and immensely respected Phil Hart of Michigan. He is a man of searching intellect who, as head of the Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee, has been patiently chipping away at the foundations of corporate power for years. He also has been a quiet champion of consumer protection and equal rights. He has been called the man with the most integrity in the Senate. In 1972 he was the only white political leader in Michigan who refused to give way to the anti-busing hysteria.

Hart is another senator with absolutely no presidential aspirations. He has said he would accept the vice presidency only if assured that he would never be promoted. Yet a man who commands so much respect has too strong an appeal to be completely discounted.

Hart's problem, like that which haunted Adlai Stevenson, is that the things people admire about him could make him a weak president. He lives with his decisions too long. His votes and positions appear to come out of some kind of inner torment. A President is supposed to be able to make quick judgments and to have the self-confidence to believe that at least most of the time he may be right. "He's often said he would be a basket case in six months if he ever had to be President," said Jack Cornman, an


Philip Hart

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aide to Hart.

So Phil Hart is probably the antithesis of the accepted model for presidential candidates. He's not a hand-shaker, fund-raiser, promiser, bull-shitter. With his sensitive face and gentle manner, he is not what you would call charismatic—a quality which many people who haven't quite let go of the Kennedy era still believe is important. Too many politicians have forgotten that in 1972 the uncharismatic George McGovern won primary after primary—and began to falter not because of lack of charisma but because of the appearance of ineptitude.

Cornman belongs to the strong leadership school and knows Hart's limitations, yet acknowledges that Hart would be "a great candidate; he'd run a campaign that would be good for the country."

There are others with wit and ability in the Senate. Frank Church, who has largely confined himself to international affairs, should be watched closely as he heads the Senate's CIA investigation. William Proxmire, a proficient gadfly in the past, has a chance, as head of Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs, to really rock the system. Ernest Hollings, though a little too slick for some, a little too South Carolina for others, has one of the quickest minds and best set of vocal cords in the place. Dick Clark of Iowa, although elected only in 1972, is a likeable, persuasive figure. Floyd Haskell of Colorado and William Hathaway of Maine are other relatively new members who are highly regarded.

The House's New Guard

I wandered over to the House side of the Capitol, which in the past has been just about the last place to look for presidential candidates. But this is the Age of Revolution in the House, and things are changing. One of the House's own is President; another, Morris Udall of Arizona, is already an announced candidate; the old guard has been unceremoniously booted in the britches; Jerry Ford is getting his stiffest opposition from his old colleagues. But the House still does not provide the exposure or national forum of the Senate, and therefore its residents receive much less attention. Furthermore, it is so large that few outsiders really know much about the players. Neither do the players often know that much about their teammates.

Since the new representatives have come bustling into town, upstaging the Senate and even the White House, several members of depth and shrewdness have emerged. In the view of many, among the most promising is 45-year-old Tom Foley of Washington state. Foley has not only wrested the the crucial Agriculture Committee chairmanship from the old guard but has also successfully led the revolt against the Administration's proposed changes in the food stamp program. Although Foley tends to follow the views of Scoop Jackson on military and foreign-policy issues, his more liberal colleagues thought enough of him to elect him chairman of the Democratic Study Group in 1974.

Foley looks the part of the politician: tall, hair streaked with grey, self-assured, yet he is thought of as a self-effacing man. Sitting on the sofa in his modernistic office—an anomaly on Capitol Hill—feet propped on his glass coffee table, he doesn't seem like a reformer.

Foley intends to stay right where he is, where he can have an impact, and he hopes other liberal congressional leaders will decide to stick around. Too many have come in and out with blazing speed, only to get bumped off or lost on their way to fame in the Senate. "Now there's a chance to have some impact here. It's not necessarily like being quoted in *The New York Times* or being on 'Issues and Answers,' but a chance to do something of substance."

Don Fraser, the Minneapolis congressman who has been credited with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shaping major Democratic Party reforms, prefers to stay behind the scenes. Perhaps that is why he is viewed by a lobbyist for the consumer movement as "the least egotistical man in the House of Representatives."

"Don Fraser doesn't have charisma," said Ohio's John Seiberling, "but, by gosh, he's got everything else. He is one of the most courageous people I know and one of the most intelligent."

Fraser says he never thinks beyond his current place in the political hierarchy. If he did he could not be as effective. "The guy who stays around and works like hell at his job is not going to make it." Unfortunately, those who do make it are the driven candidates. "We've created that kind of system," the congressman said. "It may be that they are the only kind that can survive it."

Some have said that Fraser, instead of Udall, should be the House member taking a shot at the presidency, but that's just not Fraser's style. Udall's problem is that his ambition may be getting in the way of his effectiveness. Some critics say he botched the land-use bill and compromised unnecessarily on strip-mining. Nevertheless, he is so highly regarded by many of his colleagues, even some conservatives, that he is one of the few contenders now in the race being taken seriously.

Udall's office has the frenetic quality of a campaign headquarters, with people darting about looking harried and hassled. Even so, Udall, when I saw him, about to leave for lunch with Averell Harriman, seemed relaxed. It comes, he said, from "pacing" himself—14 or 15 "good, hard hours a day."

Watching him, I couldn't help wondering which was the real Mo Udall—the man of fresh ideas, cutting wit, and intellect, or the man of poor timing and judgment. There is a magnetism to this tall, rough-hewn Westerner that matches his definition of the requirements for the presidency: "A person who has self-confidence, has his feet on the ground, has a sense of history, and is decisive." Most of all, Americans are looking for "straight talk."

Penelope Breese

Paul Sarbanes

One congressman who took an exceedingly dim view of my project was Paul Sarbanes, the third-term congressman from Baltimore. He is regarded as brilliant, articulate, and effective, although his critics also consider him calculating.

Sarbanes was born in Salisbury, Maryland, the son of Greek immigrants. He received top honors at Princeton, was a Rhodes Scholar and a Harvard Law graduate. A scholarly voice on the House Judiciary Committee during the impeachment debate, Sarbanes would have been one of the floor leaders for the impeachment bills if they had been taken up by the House. He was an outspoken critic of Rockefeller's confirmation, saying in a floor speech that private wealth and public power should never be merged.

"Paul Sarbanes, as far as I'm concerned, is presidential caliber," said John Seiberling, who sits next to him on Judiciary. "He's level-headed, brainy, well-educated, attractive. Most important, he's a decent person."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With all this going for him, Sarbanes is a rather plain fellow who keeps pictures of congressional baseball teams on his office walls. He does not like being considered a rising political star. He believes that working quietly is the only way to make a real contribution. "You really ought to do the job at hand, and if you do it well, things may follow and things may not." For Sarbanes, any talk of the presidency is foolish. The Senate, maybe, but in due time. And he said this with feeling: "I don't think you ought to write a game plan for your life."

John Seiberling, a gaunt, stolid man who seems perfectly content to return to being a corporate lawyer in Akron, Ohio, is considered one of the most ethical members of the House. Although less well-known than most of the legislators I've discussed, Seiberling seems to have a greater grasp of what he, Congress, and the presidency should be. Seiberling, the grandson of the founder of Goodyear Rubber, says he ran for Congress five years ago out of a sense of indignation over the quality of his district's congressman. Now that he has the job, he thinks it's a shame the Republicans can't come up with some better candidates to run against him.

Seiberling believes the House is "the only institution in our society that permits the people to control their government" and says he is going to fight tooth and nail while he is here to keep it that way. He, like most of the others, wants no part of the White House: "I've become disillusioned about the presidency as an institution to which we can safely entrust the fortunes and fate of our country."

The honorable mention list: Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, who unseated Wright Patman as chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, is thought of as a genius at international finance. Seattle's Brock Adams, just elected to head the House's new Budget Committee, is considered an economic whiz. Jim Wright, a 20-year veteran from Fort Worth, who is putting together the Democratic alternatives on energy and the environment, is articulate and persuasive. Richardson Preyer, a former federal judge from Greensboro, North Carolina, has been fighting, along with Udall, for a compromise for the divisive issue of school busing. Barbara Jordan of Texas and James Mann of South Carolina are two of the most intelligent voices on the Judiciary Committee. Others who are highly regarded include Sidney Yates of Illinois, David Obey of Wisconsin, Andrew Young of Georgia, and Bob Eckhardt of Texas. The list of bright, talented Democrats seems endless.

Some still believe that the presidential primary system is an efficient mechanism for testing candidates. But judging from the crop of those who are willing to be tested, it is also a major deterrent. A few primaries in representative regions may be helpful in separating out dilettantes like Vance Hartke in 1972 from serious candidates. But the current system, which may produce as many as 33 separate primaries next year, is ludicrous.

It's much too late now to change the primary system. The game has already begun. But, and this is an important but, there is an excellent chance that nobody will win the primaries decisively enough to lock up a first ballot nomination. Then there would be a chance for the delegates to turn to the best man available, regardless of whether he was an announced candidate. The Democratic Party may not, after all, end up a prisoner of the ambitious. It may, in spite of itself, be rescued by the opportunity to nominate a candidate who did not burn himself out in the primaries. Many speculate that in such a situation the Democrats will turn to familiar faces like Muskie or Kennedy. A deadlock could also produce a fresh face, a new leader. That's why it is so important to start talking about the best men now. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was Sirhan Sirhan on the Grassy Knoll?

by Tom Bethell

My most vivid recollection of Jones Harris is that he always wore a straw hat. Even indoors he seemed to prefer to keep it on. That, and the fact that he never would write anything down on paper. On that score, I remember D.A. Jim Garrison, my boss, once saying that we didn't even have a sample of Jones' handwriting.

This disinclination on Jones' part to write anything down was most uncharacteristic of conspiratorialists—a deliberately convoluted word I have coined—most of whom were, as far as I could tell, highly prolific memo and letter writers. And working for Jim Garrison, as I then was, on his ill-fated Kennedy assassination investigation, I met most of the conspiratorialists of those years. Jones Harris was one who remains in my mind.

That was in 1967 and 1968. Now, seven years later, there seems to be a widespread return to the same vein of conspiracy thinking, mostly dealing with the possibility that one or another of the assassinations in recent years was committed at the instigation of conspirators who (we are led to suppose) did not have the best interests of the United States at heart.

"Slaying, Watergate Link Claimed," says a headline in an issue of last month's *Dallas Times Herald*. The slaying is that of John Kennedy, and the "link" is alleged by members of something called Assassination Information Bureau, "based in Cambridge, Mass." "Who Shot Robert Kennedy?" *Harper's* inquires on its cover, and the accompanying article by Betsy Langman and Alexander Cockburn suggests that the answer may not be just old Sirhan Sirhan. The Martin Luther King case has received the attention of Ron Rosenbaum in *The Village Voice*, in an article devoted primarily to expounding assassination buff Harold Weisberg's view that James Earl Ray was "framed."

The Realist, a once-amusing monthly put out by Paul Krassner, devotes an entire issue to Mae Brussell's "Conspiracy Newsletter" (How I do remember her from my Garrison days!). And interviewed in a recent issue of *Rolling Stone*, Norman Mailer says: "I have come around again to the thesis that Marilyn

Tom Bethell is a writer based in New Orleans. He worked for James Garrison 1967-68.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[Monroe] was murdered." This supposed murder, Mailer believes, might have become "larger in its seeming implications than Watergate"—had it been discovered. Mailer's explication of what the motive of the murderers might have been is as convoluted as the word conspiratorialist.

I will cite just one other example—an article by Gore Vidal in the December 13, 1973, issue of *The New York Review of Books* about the writings of E. Howard Hunt. Somewhat presumptuously, I feel, Vidal asks at one point: "Since it is now clear to everyone except perhaps Earl Warren that Oswald was part of a conspiracy, who were his fellow conspirators?" Vidal's article makes for amusing reading, but it is clear that he, too, is enmeshed in the nets of conspiratorialism.

Reading through all this and other material—some of it by, or dealing with, the same people I knew back in my Garrison days—has brought to mind some of my weird experiences with the Jolly Green Giant, as Garrison was called by friend and foe. Perhaps, by saying something about my memories of when I was connected with this bizarre investigation, I can shed some light on the apparently revived interest in conspiracies.

Making the Simple Complex

First a word about how it all ended for me. Garrison saw Kennedy assassination conspiracies high and low. After a while it became clearer and clearer that he had no case at all against Clay Shaw, the man he had charged with conspiracy to assassinate the President (Shaw, incidentally, died of cancer in New Orleans last year); and I ended up betraying Garrison to Shaw's attorneys.

There is no "discovery law" in Louisiana, which means that the prosecution (us) can introduce surprise witnesses into the trial without forewarning. In this instance Garrison was preparing to put on the stand a witness who, apart from testifying that he had heard Shaw discussing assassinating Kennedy, was under the impression that the government stole into his house from time to time and substituted "dead ringers" for his children, who then spied on him. (To foil the government, he periodically fingerprinted his children.) Needless to say, Garrison's people were not anxious for the man's eccentricity to emerge in testimony, and thus wanted the defense to have as little time as possible to uncover it. When I discovered that Garrison was indeed planning to put this man on the witness stand (as he in fact did, indicating better than anything else the shortcomings of his case), I decided that the time had come to turn the necessary information over to Shaw. For my perfidy I was charged by Garrison with "unauthorized use of movable goods," a charge that was never brought to trial and has since been dropped.

I promptly fell into disfavor with Jones Harris and other conspiratorialists. Some of them, I later heard, automatically relegated me to CIA status. Nevertheless, I always considered Jones a charming fellow, and he demonstrated the first quality of conspiratorialists that I want to bring out: their love of complexity.

Jones Harris, the son of Broadway producer Jed Harris and actress Ruth Gordon, seemed to know personally everyone you had ever heard of in New York, and it was through him that, in swift succession, I had lunch with *New York Review* editor Robert Silvers, dinner with Norman Mailer, and tea with Lady Jean Campbell, Lord Beaverbrook's granddaughter and Norman Mailer's third wife. Later I read in *The New York Times* that Jones married a Vanderbilt and at the reception described himself to a *Times* reporter as a "freelance researcher." That is exactly what he was when I first met him.

He had arrived in New Orleans on one of his frequent investigative jaunts with Richard Popkin, professor of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy at the University of California in San Diego and the author of a highly implausible book called *The Second Oswald*, which may be briefly summarized as follows:

In the course of its investigation, the Warren Commission produced evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald was in two places at once—manifestly impossible. Although most, if not all, of this contradictory evidence was either fleeting observation or from unreliable witnesses, and thus could be dismissed as cases of mistaken identity (it would be surprising if some such evidence did not emerge in the course of so wide-ranging and well-publicized a case), Popkin chose to postulate that there were two Oswalds.

No matter. I remember once having dinner with Jones in the Pontchartrain Hotel in New Orleans and outlining this and other difficulties concerning the "second Oswald" theory. Jones replied perfectly seriously, "There were three Oswalds, you know." My mouth must have fallen open. "And two Jack Rubys," he added for good measure. I think it must have been around that time that I began to give serious consideration to the possibility that Oswald shot the President all alone and unaided.

The Round Earth Conspiracy

The extraordinary complexity involved—three Oswalds!—is a fundamental characteristic of conspiratorialist reasoning. Philosophers like to point out that any belief, more or less, can be sustained if the believer is willing to encrust his belief with enough assumptions; the only problem is that the resulting theory starts to look very complicated compared to much simpler alternatives readily at hand. It is an important principle of philosophy (although one little valued in assassination conspiracy circles) that the simple explanation should be preferred to the complicated one.

The paradigmatic base is that of the two rival models of the solar system: do the sun and planets go around the earth? Or vice versa? Because there is no absolute and fixed point in space, it is possible to argue the question. But the description of the paths followed by the planets if they encircle the earth is very complex; whereas the Copernican model—ellipses—is simple. Thus, it is argued, the Copernican model is true. In this instance the criterion of simplicity acts as a final court of appeal in the establishment of truth.

Consider another famous case. Is the earth round or flat? It is possible to argue that it is flat and yet maintain an appearance of rationality. I once went to a lecture given by a member of the Flat Earth Society, and it was surprising how similar his reasoning was to that of the various conspiracy theorists I have known. A Flat-Earther, for instance, is likely to tell you that the moon landings never really took place, that NASA is collaborating with the CIA to deceive the Russians and the American people. . . . Sound familiar? To believe the earth is flat one must also believe that a large number of people are working assiduously to deceive our minds, and it is, in the end, just so much simpler to conclude that this conspiracy does not exist.

But your average conspiratorialist sees little merit in the argument from a standpoint of simplicity. To accept the simple explanation, he feels, is just simple-minded. Somehow conspiracy theorists seem, above all, determined never to be accused of being naive. Gore Vidal gives this impression in his condescending reference to "most Americans being quite at home with the batty killer who acts alone in order to be on television." Jones Harris, rather than drop back down to the simple and perhaps rather "naive" hypothesis of one Oswald, tries to rescue the shaky two-Oswald theory by adding on another Oswald.

Some time after this meeting with Jones, I asked him what he was going to do when the Kennedy assassination

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mystery began to pall on him. (I did not imagine he would want to go on maneuvering Oswalds and Rubys around in his mind indefinitely.) His answer was illuminating. "Oh," he said, "I expect I'll go back to my earlier studies." What were they about? I asked. "The argument about who wrote Shakespeare's plays," he replied.

I am persuaded that most conspiratorialists share this love of puzzles, conundrums, mysteries, and the unexplained. It's certainly in my background (by the time I was 16 I had read just about all there was to read about the Loch Ness Monster, for example), and it no doubt contributed to my interest in the Kennedy assassination. Other assassination buffs I know have flying saucers as a second string to their bow.

Somewhat to my surprise, I recently heard from a reliable source that Jones Harris is still at work on assassination theories. He is reported to be wrestling with a sort of "unified field" theory, linking most of the assassinations of recent years. Such a unified theory would, of course, not only represent a great breakthrough but would constitute, in a sense, a move in the direction of greater simplicity: instead of four loners, we would have one mastermind. One fears, however, that, just as Einstein discovered insurmountable obstacles in his efforts to unify the theories of gravity and electromagnetism, the obstacles in Jones' path will ultimately prove impossible to overcome.

Maybe They're All In It Together

Another common feature of conspiratorialist thinking is that their theories are, one way or another, irrefutable. I have right-wing friends, for example, who discuss their all-encompassing conspiracy of the Elders of Zion like that. Absolutely anything that happens tends to confirm their belief that the conspiracy is working. Nowadays, I notice, left-wingers discuss the conspiracy of the Rockefeller family in the same way; and for those who believe in an all-pervasive CIA conspiracy, the fact that the CIA itself is presently being investigated by government agencies is bound to become an integral part of the conspiracy itself.

Vidal, in his discussion of E. Howard Hunt's writings, demonstrates this tendency. At one point he argues that Arthur Bremer's diary was not written by Bremer because it is too literate. Awkward fact that, because much of the diary is illiterate. *That*, of course, is all a part of the scenario: "they" did that, too. Thus both literacy and illiteracy tend to confirm the theory. What, then, could disprove it?

How much appeal these arguments have to Bob Silvers, the editor of the journal in which both Vidal's fairly recent article and Richard Popkin's "Second Oswald" theory were published, I have no way of knowing. But I do know that not long after Jones Harris mentioned his "Three Oswald, Two Ruby" theory, he took me to lunch at P.J. Clarke's in New York, where the big event was to meet and lunch with Bob Silvers.

I should explain that I was not entirely looking forward to this encounter, because by this time Popkin had published in *The New York Review* a second and, I thought, untenable article, which sought to still the raging press criticism of Garrison on the grounds that Garrison had not yet had his day in court. Popkin argued that Garrison *might* have something, so let's wait and see. I was therefore worried about what to say to Silvers if—as I expected—he leaned across to me during lunch and asked me in a "between you and me" sort of way: does Garrison really have anything or not? I imagined Silvers might be concerned to know whether his splashy cover story on Garrison was on target—or all wet.

As it turned out, my fears were groundless. Silvers was a perfect gentleman and didn't ask me any

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

embarrassing questions. The lunch went off smoothly, with the whole topic of the assassination—perhaps on the "don't-let's-talk-shop" principle—rather pointedly ignored. (I am inclined to think as a result of this one encounter, and reading his magazine, that Silvers himself is not a conspiratorialist.)

Three Gunmen on the Grassy Knoll

About this time Jones also introduced me to Lady Jean Campbell, then a New York correspondent for the London *Evening Standard*, who, shortly after the assassination of President Kennedy, had traveled on investigative expeditions to Dallas with Jones Harris. A week or two after having tea with her and Jones Harris in her East Side apartment (was there some arcane Shakespearean talk over tea? I believe so, but I can't be sure), she came to Washington, where I was then staying, and we went off together on our rather hilarious (as it now seems) trip to West Virginia in fruitless search of Kennedy's killers. In retrospect, its denouement was enlightening. The background was this:

Jim Garrison was by this time getting hungry for arrests, an appetite which was then being encouraged by a Philadelphia lawyer named Vincent Salandria. Shortly before the West Virginia trip Salandria came to New Orleans and in front of Garrison's entire assembled staff—and to their dismay—urged the D.A. to go on making more and more arrests before "they" took over the country entirely.

Shortly thereafter Garrison did in fact arrest one Edgar Eugene Bradley on the West Coast, charging him with the same crime as Clay Shaw's—conspiracy to assassinate the President. It was never entirely clear to us in the D.A.'s office whether this was meant to be the same conspiracy as Shaw's or a separate one. Had two entirely separate gangs opened fire simultaneously in Dealey Plaza? That was unlikely, we decided, although it remained difficult to discern one scrap of evidence on which Bradley had been charged with the crime of the century. (All's well that ends well, however. Later I heard that Garrison and Bradley became good friends, and the D.A. would visit him on his frequent peregrinations to the West Coast—a curious turn of events, but *c'est la vie*.)

Garrison, I think, was annoyed by how little notice the press took of the Bradley arrest, and so, like an addict who finds his previous dose insufficient, he demanded more. I was dispatched to West Virginia to interview—and above all to photograph—one Jack Lawrence, who had been in Dallas on the day of the assassination. He had also worked in the automobile dealership where the "second Oswald" put in one of his ghostly appearances. Lawrence had left work early on the morning of the assassination—he told the FBI he had gone home to rest—and had even parked his car somewhere in the area of the now-infamous "grassy knoll" bordering Dealey Plaza. Some of the salesmen at the automobile agency had told me they thought Lawrence had mentioned something about having been in New Orleans at some point. The plan, therefore, was to get pictures of Jack Lawrence to show to our witnesses in New Orleans (some of whom were remarkably adept at making identifications, especially if they had narcotics or other charges hanging over their heads), and then—who knows—a third conspiracy to assassinate the President might well be in the works.

Before leaving D.C. I rented a camera. It was one of those affairs with a telescopic lens about a foot long. My knowledge of how to use it was only approximate, and, as I fiddled about with the contraption trying to make it work, I remember thinking how sorely I lacked the expertise of the "Agency" boys over at Langley whom Garrison was always expatiating on, and who, no doubt,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had me in their surveillance at that very moment and were laughing their heads off.

Lady Jean arrived and we drove off to the mountains in a rented car. An eminently sensible and practical woman, she had brought along an Instamatic camera. Her plan was for us simply to knock on Lawrence's door and pose as reporters writing a book about the assassination. After hours of driving through the mountains in a snowstorm we reached Charleston. Lawrence was indeed at home—something I had gambled on. He was quite willing to talk to us, and as he did so his wife dandled a baby in her lap. It was quite clear to Jean Campbell and myself that his "involvement" in the assassination was non-existent.

Then came the irony I savor to this day. Lawrence told us that *he* was beginning to suspect a conspiracy. (It was he who brought it up, not us.) I remember he took us into a back room where he showed us a shelf of blue-colored paperback books of the type put out by very conservative publishing houses; these books proved to his satisfaction that there was some kind of leftist conspiracy in the United States. However, I couldn't help reflecting that in his case his ideas were not entirely paranoid. There really was a reckless D.A. 1,000 miles away contemplating arresting him!

He permitted Lady Jean to snap a picture, which came out fine and which was happily not "identified" back in New Orleans. Garrison, I think, was not entirely pleased with my negative report, but his staff, which was beginning to get fed up with filing charges against unknown individuals in various parts of the country, was delighted. Sometimes I think that this trip to West Virginia was one of the few useful things I accomplished during my period with Garrison.

I have mentioned paranoia. Perhaps this is misleading. Most of the conspiratorialists I knew were not paranoid. True, most of them were under the impression that their phones were tapped—in fact many of them declared that they "knew" it—a fact which always struck me as being more wishful thinking than anything else. But paranoia was not their problem. The paranoid personality believes in a conspiracy that is directed against himself; for him it is a personal matter. The conspiratorialist, of course, likewise believes in a conspiracy, but the characteristic feature of his conspiracy is that it benefits the conspirators to the detriment of the nation as a whole; the conspiratorialist suffers only incidentally as a result of the conspiracy he perceives.

There is, I feel sure, something in the psyche in addition to a love of puzzles that contributes to the conspiratorialist make-up, but perhaps it would be folly to speculate on this. I can only say that in my case, at the time in which I was prepared to believe in an inimical and anonymous "they" who clandestinely ran the country, I was, for various reasons, frustrated in my endeavors.

The Multi-Colored Link-Up Test

Turning quickly away from psychiatry, I must now say something about the conspiratorialist's love of links and connections. Linking people together is the very essence of the conspiratorialist's work. Garrison himself (who in some ways was not a typical conspiratorialist: he was too frivolous about it all and sometimes had a most atypical sense of humor about his theories) was a master linker-upper, perhaps the best in the business. Name two people in New Orleans and Garrison could "link" them. If he had a rival in this regard it could only have been Mrs. Mae Brussell, author of the aforesaid "Conspiracy Newsletter," and one of the more delightful visitors to my cubbyhole office in New Orleans. (I was in charge of the files in the case.)

When I met her in 1967 she must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been laboring for months, or years, in her Carmel retreat, for she arrived loaded with weighty parcels and packages of documents precariously knotted together with string, and she proceeded to unfold a chart that more than covered my entire desktop. It delineated in copious detail the relationships among the White Russian community in Dallas. (Oswald had been befriended by one of its members, a geologist named George de Mohrenschildt—suspicious! And don't forget Oswald's wife was Russian.)

Mrs. Brussell reminded me of Margaret Rutherford playing amateur detective in a British thriller; she was obviously proud of her comprehensive and multi-colored chart—which at first (and subsequent) glance seemed to link everyone together like those flow diagrams showing the hierarchies of power in a complex General Motors.

Directory Assistance

In assassination circles, one of the main linkage factors is what Garrison loved to call "propinquity." If two people live near one another, say within four or five blocks, it's suspicious. If they live closer, they are "linked." If they live at opposite ends of the city, get a list of friends of each. Two such friends are almost bound to live in the same block, or even know each other. Presto! The link.

City directories are indispensable tools for conspiratorialists; Garrison would spend hours poring over the New Orleans phone book, totally absorbed by it. One day he looked up at me from his city directory and said: "Sooner or later, because people are lazy, you catch them out on propinquity." He also wrote two memos entitled "Time and Propinquity, Factors in Phase Two," which are, I should think, classics of their kind.

I knew all about propinquity because I had done some so-called investigation in that field during an earlier trip to Dallas. There was another fellow in the Dallas White Russian community called George Bouhe, who knew de Mohrenschildt, who knew Oswald. . . . A little work with the city directory turned up the fact that Bouhe once lived opposite . . . Jack Ruby. There you have an Oswald-Ruby link based on propinquity.

Would I "check out" this link? The boss was interested, his chief investigator, Louis Ivon, told me. Sure, I said. So I went to the Bouhe address, and there was the house—opposite the Ruby house. (Ruby was dead by this time, and Bouhe might have been too, for all I knew.) I wasn't quite sure if I should hide in the laurel bushes and try to peer into the Bouhe dining room, or what. Eventually I gave up on the whole thing and phoned New Orleans collect.

"Sam Spade here," I said. In the office I was known by the inappropriate code name of Sam Spade—one of Garrison's jokes, I think. Ivon, one of the most laconic and non-committal men I have ever met, answered. "Uh-huh," he said. "Tell the boss I checked out that lead—nothing to it." "Uh-huh." Almost invariably in these cases Garrison would have forgotten all about it anyway and moved on to some other "area", such as the "involvement" of H.L. Hunt (whose code name was "Harry Blue"—for "true blue") in the assassination.

After calling in, my day's work done, I would usually visit my ultra-conservative friends in Dallas—in their case so ultra that they had at one time been members of the Minutemen. Usually they would be in the back room—studying city directories.

This is worth mentioning because it brings out another aspect of conspiratorialism: normal ideological labels do not apply to true conspiracy believers. I know I have spoken here of "left-wing" conspiracies and "right-wing" conspiracies, but this is misleading. True conspiratorialists are on neither the left nor the right, but are united on some other dimension entirely. Garrison was in some ways a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

left-wing ideologist (he used to pride himself, for example, on his refusal to discern a Communist conspiracy in the Kennedy assassination, and he mocked J. Edgar Hoover's obsession with Communism, saying that Communists were like unicorns, everyone had heard of them but nobody had ever seen one). Nonetheless he was always on good terms with conspiracy-minded right-wingers, and they with him. When conspiracy discussions really got going, the ideological bent of the participants was cheerfully overlooked; it was unimportant, after all, compared to the joy of discovering linkages, connections, and overlaps. Moreover, in the end all were prepared to agree that the spectral "they" who controlled the nation were inimical to left and right alike.

I think I can hear someone saying at this point, "But sometimes there really are conspiracies." True enough. In fact, a famous conspiracy trial has just been successfully prosecuted in Washington, D.C. The Watergate cover-up was a conspiracy, and has probably occasioned the revived interest in conspiracies, just as the "credibility gap"of seven years ago played a part in arousing interest in conspiracies then. But the point about Watergate is that there was plenty of evidence of conspiracy almost from the word "go." The conspiratorialist, on the other hand, can perceive a conspiracy on no evidence at all. In the most extreme case—the Flat-Earther—the conspiracy is trumped up as a means of enabling him to believe what he wants to believe, namely, the existence of a flat earth.

Putting Together a New Puzzle

In the case of the assassination of President Kennedy there is practically no evidence whatsoever of a conspiracy, and by far the most plausible (and simplest) hypothesis is that a single, unaided assassin—Lee Harvey Oswald—shot the President. Yet the conspiratorialists will believe anything rather than believe this.

After studying this assassination for a long time an analogy finally occurred to me, but I soon found that it did not appeal to conspiracy theorists. The analogy is that of the jigsaw puzzle.

Reconstructing the assassination, as the FBI did, by interviewing a large number of people, is like reconstructing a picture by putting together a large number of jigsaw puzzle pieces. If one puts these "pieces" together on the hypothesis of a lone assassin, one finds that most of the pieces fit quite well, and only a few pieces have to be discarded (e.g. "second Oswald" pieces.) But, unfortunately, the pieces don't quite fit exactly. There are bad joints here and there (occasioned by faulty memory as much as anything else), and it is these that the conspiratorialist seizes on. He proceeds to discard the entire "lone assassin" puzzle as a result, and proposes a new one involving a conspiracy. His puzzle has, perhaps, the advantage of not having bad joints, but at the expense of the pieces themselves; his puzzle is, in reality, a blank, to be filled in largely by his own imagination.

That is what is wrong with the Langman-Cockburn critique of the Robert Kennedy assassination as published in *Harper's*. They expect all the pieces to fit perfectly—everyone's recollections to be completely consistent—hardly realistic when one is dealing with humans. The suggestion that the imperfect interlocks—whether of ballistics evidence or eyewitness recollection—in any way imply an assassin other than Sirhan Sirhan is, I feel, remarkably foolish.

Be that as it may, my jigsaw puzzle analogy made little headway with Jim Garrison and the conspiratorialists in his entourage. For them it was precisely the blank puzzle—the *tabula rasa*—that was so much fun to play around with. How well I do remember the interminable conversations about whether this or that person was "involved."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hey, what if so-and-so was involved?" one might say.

"Oh, he was involved all right," another would answer with the same confidence with which one might assert that he had brown hair.

"Had to be," a third would add knowingly.

What If Nixon Were "Involved"?

Garrison had such a vivid imagination that he was the acknowledged master of this type of colloquy. He could all but hypnotize his audience. Once, for instance, he not only entertained the dubious proposition that all the residents of the 4900 block of Magazine Street in New Orleans (where Oswald had briefly rented an apartment) were CIA agents, living in "safe houses" owned by the CIA, but even seemed to convince some of his followers for a while that it was true.

I remember having dinner once with Garrison and a few others at a French Quarter restaurant in late 1967. Surprisingly, his mother was with us at the table. A large and imposing woman, she sat at the opposite end of the table from Garrison; Mark Lane, the author of *Rush to Judgment,* was also present.

"What if Walter Jenkins were involved," Garrison said at one point and then proceeded to elaborate on this scenario. "Perhaps I should arrest him. Can you imagine the headlines. . . " (holding up his hands to indicate the space they would fill).

"Oh, Jim, I think that's a wonderful idea," his mother said.

By the end of the evening I think Garrison had more or less convinced everyone that Jenkins *was* involved.

But typically, the next day Garrison had forgotten all about it. By then he was playing around with another scenario, this one involving Allen Dulles, who was thought certainly to be "involved." Garrison's plan was to have Dulles arrested along with Gordon Novel, a former employee of Garrison's who had absconded with some potentially damaging evidence against his former boss. Both Novel and Dulles smoked pipes, and for some reason, Garrison was amusing himself that day by imagining their photos side by side in the papers—both of them solemnly smoking pipes.

After a day or two of this, Garrison would usually retire into the sauna baths of the New Orleans Athletic Club for several days at a stretch. After one such recuperation he returned to my office with a brief one-act play he had written about a zany king who held court wearing roller skates. I was quite touched that he brought it over for my perusal. For a while I kept it in my big filing cabinet along with the files on Lee Harvey Oswald, Clay Shaw, Robert Kennedy (a suspect until his death), the CIA (always known as "the company"), H.L. Hunt, Paramilitary Organizations, Edgar Eugene Bradley, Jack Lawrence, the Minutemen, LBJ, and many, many others. In the end, I believe, the play was lost; or perhaps Garrison retrieved it.

A lot of people have asked me if I think Garrison was crazy. My answer is that he was no crazier than a lot of other people I've known. He was certainly sane enough at the time when, shortly after losing interest in the Kennedy affair, he was twice charged with federal crimes. He displayed great acumen in wriggling free of both indictments. His pre-trial maneuvering was particularly innovative. At one point he had himself indicted by the Orleans Parish Grand Jury and charged with the state version of the federal crime. His plan was to win a speedy acquittal for himself in a compliant state court and then claim "double jeopardy" when the federal trial began. It raised eyebrows even in New Orleans. In 1973 he ran again for reelection as D.A., but narrowly lost, mainly because he didn't bother to campaign. Today he is doing well as a defense attorney, and I'm sure that the whole subject of assassinations has completely faded from his mind. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nominations Submitted by Readers, Editors anc

Advice and Dissent: Scientists in the Political Arena. Joel Primack, Frank Von Hippel. Basic.
Against the Law. Leonard W. Levy. Harper & Row.
All the President's Men. Carl Bernstein, Bob Woodward. Simon & Schuster.
America After Nixon: The Age of the Multinationals. Robert Scheer. McGraw-Hill.
American Foreign Policy in the Congo 1960-1964. Stephen R. Weissman. Cornell.
An American Tragedy. Jeb Stuart Magruder. Atheneum.
An American Journey: The Presidential Campaign Speeches of George McGovern. George McGovern. Random House.
The Appearance of Justice. John P. MacKenzie. Scribner's.
The Armies of the Streets: The New York City Draft Riots of 1863. Adrian Cook. Kentucky.
As Orange Goes: Twelve California Families and the Future of American Politics. Karl A. Lamb. Norton.
Autopsy on People's War. Chalmers Johnson. Quantum.
Backroom Politics: How Your Local Politicians Work, Why Your Government Doesn't and What You Can Do About It. Bill and Nancy Boyarsky. J. P. Tarcher.
Black Neighborhoods: An Assessment of Community Power. Donald I. Warren. Univ. of Chicago.
Blue Cross: What Went Wrong. Sylvia A. Law. Yale.
Building Coalitions: American Politics in the 1970s. Andrew W. Greeley. New Viewpoints.
Captive Capital. Sam Smith. Indiana Univ.
Charles A. Lindbergh and the Battle Against American Intervention in World War II. Wayne S. Cole. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
CitiBank. David Leinsdorf, Donald Etra. Grossman.
Cold War America: From Hiroshima to Watergate. Lawrence S. Wittner. Praeger.
Conglomerates Unlimited: The Failure of Regulation. John F. Winslow. Indiana Univ.
Congress in Action. Dennis W. Brezina and Allen Overmyer. Free Press.
Congress: The Electoral Connection. David R. Mayhew. Yale.
Coping: On the Practice of Government. Daniel P. Moynihan. Random House.
Corporate Power and Social Change: The Politics of the Life Insurance Industry. Karen Orren. Johns Hopkins.
A Dangerous Place: The United Nations as a Weapon in World Politics. Abraham Yeselson, Anthony Gaglione. Viking.
The Daughters: An Unconventional Look at America's Fan Club, The DAR. Peggy Anderson. St. Martin's.
Democracy and its Discontents: Reflections on Everyday America. Daniel J. Boorstin. Random House.
Democrats and Progressives: The 1948 Presidential Election as a Test of Postwar Liberalism. Allen Yarnell. Univ. of California.
Does Socialism Liberate Women? Hilda Scott. Beacon.
Drew Pearson Diaries 1949-1959. Tyler Abell, ed. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
The Drive for Power. Arnold A. Hutschnecker. M. Evans.
The End of a Presidency. The New York Times. Bantam.
Energy: The New Era. S. David Freeman. Walker.
Financing Elections. David Nichols. New Viewpoints.
Foreign Policy and U.S. Presidential Elections 1940-1948, 1952-1960. Robert A. Divine. New Viewpoints.
Forest Hills Diary: The Crisis of Low-Income Housing. Mario Cuomo. Random House.
Four Reforms: A Program for the 70's. William F. Buckley, Jr. Putnam's.
The Genteel Populists. Simon Lazarus. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
Go East, Young Man. William O. Douglas. Random House.
The Great Cover-Up. Barry Sussman. Crowell.
A Heartbreak Away: The Investigation and Resignation of Vice President Spiro T. Agnew. Richard M. Cohen, Jules Witcover. Viking.
Herblock Special Report. Herbert Block. Norton.
The Imperial Republic: The United States and the World, 1945-1973. Raymond Aron. Prentice-Hall.
Innocents at Home: America in the 1970's. Tad Szulc. Viking.
An Inquiry Into the Human Prospect. Robert Heilbroner. Norton.
Israeli Ecstasies/Jewish Agonies. Irving Horowitz. Oxford.
Jaws of Victory. The Ripon Society and Clifford W. Brown, Jr. Little, Brown.
Jews and American Politics. Stephen D. Isaacs. Doubleday.
Joseph P. Kennedy: A Life and Times. David E. Koskoff. Prentice-Hall.
The Law in America. Bernard Schwartz. McGraw-Hill.
The Logic of World Power. Franz Schurmann. Pantheon.
Lost Chance in China: The World War II

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

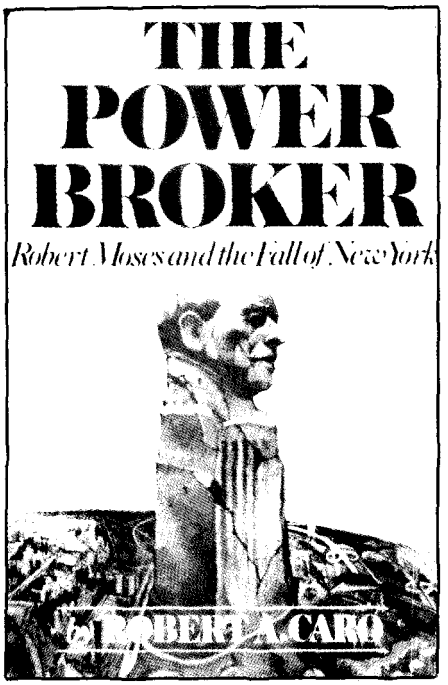
Publishers for The Annual Political Book Award

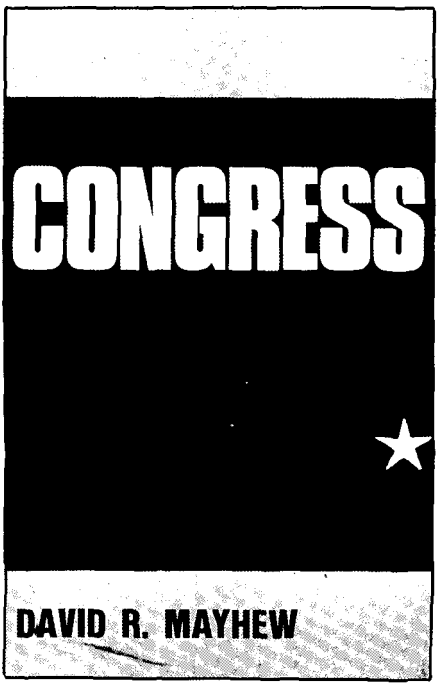
Despatches of John S. Service. Joseph W. Esherick, ed. Random House.
Mankind at the Turning Point. Mihaljo Mesarovic, Eduard Pestel. Dutton.
The Mask of State: Watergate Portraits. Mary McCarthy. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
The Nazi Movement in the United States, 1924-1941. Sander A. Diamond. Cornell.
The New Conservatives: A Critique From the Left. Lewis A. Coser, Irving Howe, eds. Quadrangle.
Nixon's Good Deed: Welfare Reform. Vincent J. and Vee Burke. Columbia.
No Final Victories: A Life in Politics From John F. Kennedy to Watergate. Lawrence F. O'Brien. Doubleday.
Northern Ireland: Captive of History. Gary MacEoin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
One Last Chance: The Democratic Party, 1974-1976. John G. Stewart. Praeger.
Operation Splinter Factor. Stewart Steven. Lippincott.
Peace in the Middle East? Reflections on Justice and Nationhood. Noam Chomsky. Pantheon.
The Permanent War Economy. Seymour Melman. Simon & Schuster.
Perversions of Justice: The Prosecution and Acquittal of the Panther. Peter L. Zimroth. Viking.
Pills, Profits and Politics. Milton Silverman, Philip R. Lee. Univ. of California.
Pioneer-at-Law: A Legacy in the Pursuit of Justice. George Edwards. Norton.
Plain Speaking. Merle Miller. Berkley.
The Political Criminal: The Problem of Morality and Crime. Stephen Schafer. Free Press.
The Political Image Merchants. Ray Hiebert, Robert Jones, John Lorenz, Ernest Lotito eds. Acropolis.
Political Organizations. James Q. Wilson. Basic.
The Politician Primeval. Edgar Berman. Macmillan.
Political Promises: Essays and Commentary on American Politics. Nelson W. Polsby. Oxford.
Political Woman. Jeanne J. Kirkpatrick. Basic.
The Politics of Rights: Lawyers, Public Policy, and Political Change. Stuart A. Scheingold. Yale.
The Power Broker. Robert Caro. Knopf.
The Presidency Reappraised. Rexford G. Tugwell, Thomas E. Cronin, eds. Praeger.
Presidential Power and Accountability: Toward a New Constitution. Charles M. Hardin. Univ. of Chicago.
The President Is Calling. Milton S. Eisenhower. Doubleday.
The Price of Perfect Justice. Macklin Fleming. Basic.
The Psychology of East-West Trade. Zygmunt Nagorski, Jr. Mason & Lipscomb.
Race Relations and the New York City Commission on Human Rights. Gerald Benjamin. Cornell.
Revolutionary Organization. Paul Berman. Heath.
The Rights of Reporters. Joel M. Gora. Avon.
School Inequality and the Welfare State. John D. Owen. Johns Hopkins.
Sexist Justice: How Legal Sexism Affects You. Karen DeCrow. Random House.
Soviet-American Confrontation: Postwar Reconstruction and the Origins of the Cold War. Thomas G. Paterson. Johns Hopkins.
The Specter: Original Essays on the Cold War and the Origins of McCarthyism. Robert Griffith, Athan Theoharis, eds. New Viewpoints.
State of the Nation, 1974. William Watts, Lloyd A. Free. Potomac Associates.
Strife on the Waterfront: The Port of New York Since 1945. Vernon H. Jensen. Cornell.
Supership. Noel Mostert. Knopf.
The Supreme Court and Political Questions: A Study in Judicial Evasion. Philippa Strum. Univ. of Alabama.
The Uncertain Search for Environmental Quality. Bruce A. Ackerman, Susan Rose Ackerman, James W. Sawyer, Jr., Dale W. Henderson. Free Press.
United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey. William F. Buckley, Jr. Putnam's.
Uphill. Eleanor McGovern, with Mary Finch Hoyt. Houghton Mifflin.
Urban Liberalism and Progressive Reform. John D. Buenker. Scribner's.
Urban Outcomes: Schools, Streets and Libraries. Frank S. Levy, Arnold J. Meltsner and Aaron Wildavsky. California.
Watergate. Frederick C. Mosher. Basic.
When Governments Come to Washington: Governors, Mayors and Intergovernmental Lobbying. Donald H. Haiden. Free Press.
The White House Transcripts. The New York Times. Bantam Books.
Why Nations Go To War. Stoessinger. St. Martin's.
Without Parallel: The American-Korean Relationship Since 1945. Frank Baldwin. Pantheon.
Working on the System: A Comprehensive Manual for Citizen Access to Federal Agencies. James R. Michael, Ruth C. Fort, eds. Basic.
The World and Ideas of Ernest Freund. Oscar Kraines. Univ. of Alabama.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Annual Political Book Award

The Washington Monthly wishes to recognize the best of those books that explore the processes and values of the institutions that govern America, the books that share our purpose of identifying where the system breaks down, why it breaks down, and what can be done to make it work.





The award for 1974 goes to
The Power Broker
by Robert A. Caro
and
Congress: The Electoral Connection
by David R. Mayhew

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROBERT CARO AND THE POWER BROKER

The Master Builder

by David Hapgood

As a kid in New York City in the 1930s, I was raised to worship him. "Thank God for Bob Moses" was a stock saying in our household, and the statements made about him in the press were no less naive. My parents sent me out after school to play in Central Park. Moses had rescued the park from decay a few years earlier, and for my family it was a big green babysitter. Summers we drove to the country. In my earliest memories, it took hours of crawling through city streets to reach the open spaces. Then Moses built the West Side Highway. Hours of travel became minutes, and we no longer had to drive through Harlem. My family considered themselves reformers, or Goo-Goos as they are called in New York, and all the Goo-Goos admired Moses. But we were also white and well enough off even in the Depression to own a car and live near Central Park. People like us were a minority in the city. We were the people Bob Moses was working for.

Robert Moses' career, as chronicled in Robert Caro's massive work, *The Power Broker*,* unfolds with tragic inevitability through three stages of morality:

Good means for good ends.
Evil means for good ends.
Evil means for evil ends.

First we see Moses the young reformer preaching the virtues of civil service to the hacks of Tammany Hall. He is tireless, for he knows, as did all reformers in those days, that truth and reason, if repeated enough, must prevail. His ends are good, his means are good, and in 1918 he is booted out of New York City, having failed to achieve anything at all.

In the 1920s Moses is taken into state government by Governor Alfred E. Smith, and he soon becomes the best bill-drafter in Albany. Moses learns there how to Get-Things-Done—a phrase that will stick to him in capital letters for the rest of his career. With Smith's backing, Moses sets out to build his first best dream, Jones Beach. Today it remains his purest monument, a reminder that this leap of Moses' imagination was for a generation a shrine visited by

David Hapgood is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

**The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York.* Robert A. Caro. Alfred A. Knopf, $17.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

park builders from all over the world. Moses wins Jones Beach, but he pays a fearful price: his reformer's soul.

To gain access to Jones Beach for city people (those who have cars, that is), Moses must drive a highway through the estates of the robber barons who own both Long Island and the Republican Party of New York State. With a ruthlessness matching theirs and with much more stamina, with bureaucratic stratagems as creative as the design of Jones Beach itself, and with the indispensable help of Al Smith, Moses beats the robber barons back. The audience is on its feet cheering the defeat of the bad guys, even as the moralist already glimpses the next stage of the drama. The barons seek to seduce the troublemaker into the system. For his part, Moses finds that he can Get-Things-Done more easily by dealing with the barons than by battling them. And, inevitably, he loses sight of what it was he—the young reformer—had wanted to gain. The next Moses highway on Long Island winds around the great estates.

By the early 1930s Robert Moses is prime minister of the permanent government, the banks, real estate operators, insurance companies, contractors and construction unions that control public works (and, in large measure, public policy) in the city and state of New York. His main base is in the city now, and his 10 Downing Street is the Randall's Island office of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, although he also controls the state parks and will later pick up the State Power Authority. Moses controls bridge and highway construction in the city. He sees the potential in the rising tide of federal construction money and eventually that too comes under his control. After World War II New York City gets, and Moses horribly misuses, far more than its share of federal highway and housing money.

This is the third stage in this Faustian drama. By now the works of Robert Moses are almost entirely evil. His highways are wrecking public transportation in the metropolitan area. His grim housing projects are casting people into slums far worse than those he tore down. His rampaging construction is ravaging healthy city neighborhoods. His racial prejudice is blatant. In the early days, he restricts access to Jones Beach to car-owners by designing the bridges over his highways so low that buses could not pass under them. Now he puts virtually all his parks and playgrounds in white neighborhoods; the ghettos get ripped up by the highways. Run-down subways and the local mugger are both the bitter fruit of the reign of Moses, but in the early years there is only praise from press and reformers for Big Bob the Builder.

No elected officeholder could withstand Robert Moses. He had more money for construction at his disposal than did the entire city government, and, because of his Authorities, far fewer constraints on how it was spent. If you wanted to be in on the action, you went to Randall's Island, not City Hall. Any borough president who was forced by his constituents to protest a Moses project that was going to destroy a neighborhood was bluntly reminded that if it wasn't done Moses' way, there would be no construction money; the permanent government easily overcomes the constituency. Mayors and governors detested Moses because he controlled everything, but they could not oust him. When John Lindsay, new in office, made an unbelievably amateurish effort to bounce Moses, the power broker turned the attack back with the practiced skill of Billie Jean King putting away Bobby Riggs.

Because the money was channeled through his Authorities, Moses was free from even token political oversight. The books of Triborough, for example, were and are closed to public inspection, so that Moses' deals over the decades are sealed from our view. But if Moses was immune to everyone else, he was not immune to the Rockefellers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1959, Nelson A. Rockefeller assumed the governorship of New York State. In due course he set out to destroy Moses, in conformity with the natural law that no state can hold more than one Pharaoh. If pyramids were to be built and Rockefeller was to make the people of New York pay for such monstrous ones as the Albany Mall and the World Trade Center—then Rockefeller himself would build them. By then, Moses was in his late seventies and arrogant with power. He had alienated the chic and even *The New York Times*, by butchering for a parking lot a piece of Central Park, the sacred park which had once made Moses a darling of the well-to-do. Without their support, Moses was vulnerable. It took 10 years for Rockefeller to gain his will. But Rockefeller held the trump.

Indeed, the Rockefellers held the ace of trumps, for the arrangements that had made Moses independent of elected power also put him in fee to them. The Moses citadel, Triborough, rested on one legal rock: its obligation to the holders of its bonds, which, since the bonds were contracts with the bondholders and the federal Constitution provides that no state interfere with contracts, meant that Moses was above state authority. So he had always been able to thumb his nose at governors. But this governor had a brother who was chairman of Chase Manhattan, the bank that represented the bondholders. And so, in the shortest of arm's-length negotiations, the Governor of the State of New York and his brother, the chairman of the board of Chase Manhattan, met in solemn conclave on February 9, 1968, and Moses was through. Today he remains on the New York scene as an embittered old man still dreaming of a comeback.

This outline does not begin to suggest the extraordinary richness of Caro's account of the Moses career. The subject gleams with the bright colors of New York City in the earlier decades of this century, and with the extraordinary characters who peopled it. There is Al Smith, tossing off his one-line distillations of political wisdom. (On legitimizing the swindle, an important aspect of Moses' politics, Smith points to a law student poring over his books and says: "There's a young man learning how to turn a bribe into a fee.") And FDR, Fiorello LaGuardia, and a dozen others, all warring against Moses because he had all the marbles. These battles, like most of those waged against Moses by other officeholders, were over personality and plunder, and had as little to do with the public interest as the wars between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines.

And, over all, there is the massive figure of Robert Moses himself. Everything about Moses is larger-than-life: the mind that found room for the breathtaking vision of a Jones Beach, and the meticulousness of the best bill-drafter in Albany, with enough left over for sharp literary criticism as well; an arrogance matched only by his charm; a stamina that made him work a 20-hour day, and, even in his late seventies, hurl himself into the roughest Atlantic surf; a physical presence as overpowering as the mind. Moses made it all look easy.

Though critically acclaimed, the Caro book has come in for criticism, and not only from the subject himself, still alert and bellicose at 85. Others—not all of them friends of Moses—have charged errors of fact and interpretation. Editors at *The New Yorker,* which published excerpts from the book, found a number of mistakes in the text. Errors of fact are inevitable in a ground-breaking work of this size; none I have heard about rises above the trivial.

The Moses narrative raises profound questions about the role of the individual in our political process. Although the title suggests otherwise—the power *broker,* not holder—Caro often portrays Moses as an unfettered tyrant. Yet it is important to recall that the great public works of Robert Moses, monstrous as some may look to us today, were as popular with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public in their time as they now seem unpopular. The public wanted, or at worst was indifferent to, the highways and bridges and projects that Moses was building. Only a rare visionary could have foreseen the consequences of our love affair with the automobile or its strangulation of New York City today. When a large enough middle- and upper-class public turned against a Moses project, as in the case of the three highways that he wanted to cross Manhattan, then the permanent government backed off.

Caro is the first reporter to expose what Moses did in order to reach Jones Beach, and yet those events took place more than 40 years ago, before Caro was even born. Moses was a household word in New York for all those years, but hardly any of the major elements of his story reached the public before Caro wrote his book.

It is easy to say that the press was intimidated (when one of his works was criticized in print, Moses was soon raging on the phone to the editor), but that is a simplistic conclusion. Certainly, as Caro's account shows, the Moses story was no secret. People all over the city, politicians and contractors, knew parts of it. Victims of Moses knew other parts. (One who shouted loudest, and deserves posthumous rehabilitation, was Adam Clayton Powell.) But no one thought to question Moses. No one saw a story, and no newspaper tried less over those years to see one than *The New York Times.* The Goo-Goo paper was unable to see even a typo in Moses' commandments. When at long last the press began to nip at Moses' heels, it largely missed the point by focusing on specific scandals rather than the roots of Moses' power.

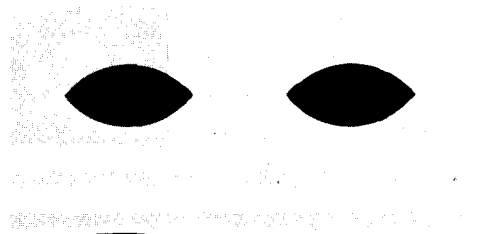
Likewise the academics missed the point. Scholars continued to see Authorities, if they noticed them at all, as "insulated from politics," and this long after Moses and the Port of New York Authority had offered abundant evidence to the contrary. Caro notes that as late as 1960, in their classic "Governing New York City," Professors Wallace S. Sayre and Herbert Kaufman were describing the Board of Estimate as the place where the money comes from, with each borough president holding a veto on what happens in his area. Yet by then borough presidents had been taking orders from Moses for more than twenty years.

If anything, it is this myopia of the public, the press, the academics, this imperception to everything around us, that is frightening. Is it happening still, to us today, because we cannot perceive what is happening right under our noses? What can be done about that?

In the mid-1960s, returning to New York 30 years after my childhood, I soon learned that God was no longer to be thanked for Bob Moses. Jane Jacobs had taught the Goo-Goos that a "Moses-type project" was a curse not a benediction, and besides he'd been caught mucking around with Central Park. We fought success-

"The subsequent Watergate excavations only help to confirm the perceptive usefulness of Mary McCarthy's observations."
— RICHARD GOODWIN,
N. Y. Times Book Review

Mary McCarthy
THE MASK OF STATE: WATERGATE PORTRAITS
$6.95 hardcover edition
$2.65 Harvest paperback edition — including a Postscript on the Pardon
Nominee for *Washington Monthly* 1974 Political Book Award



HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully to keep his expressway out of our neighborhood, and soon Moses himself was ousted from power. Progress? Perhaps. But in Washington the federal government was still spinning off public services like Comsat and the Post Office into "independent" corporations; even in New York, at the scene of the crime, the city hospitals and subways have been tucked away under Authorities in recent years without any evidence that the public understands what is going on. And, as 1975 gets under way, the city is trying to put a bigger and grander autobahn in place of the decayed West Side Highway built 40 years ago by Robert Moses. ■

The Master Biographer

by Charles Peters

Despite its well-publicized serialization in *The New Yorker* and its enthusiastic reception from the critics, *The Power Broker* has not sold enough copies to repay its publishing cost. This is maddening. Often when we bemoan the failure of some worthy book to make the best-seller list, we have to concede that it's a bit dry, perhaps even downright dull. But not so with *The Power Broker*. It is a marvelous read and, weighing in at over 1,200 pages, offers delight in a quantity rare at a time when the publishing world is dominated by accountants who would cut *The Brothers Karamazov* to 256 pages.

The reason it is not selling is understandable. The prospect of reading about the life of Robert Moses is not one to inflame the imagination of the average man, particularly if he resides outside the jurisdiction of the Triborough Bridge Authority. The book, however, is far more than the story of Robert Moses, although he has to be one of the more fascinating men of our time, getter of things done on a scale equaled by only a handful of public figures in this century, builder of some good parks and highways, and architect of urban disaster on a scale unequaled by anyone. The book is, in fact, the best yet written on state government, local government, the bastard authorities like the TBA and the TVA, that are "public" but unaccountable, and the relationship between all of them and the world of private business.

It is the best because it explains—and in language that is both lively and clear—the most complex interactions between those four worlds. Most journalists quail before words like "debenture" and decide to leave the story to the boys on the business page. Not Caro. He tells you about it and about the racket behind it. And unlike most journalists, his understanding of rackets is not confined to direct bribery and obvious scandal. He traces the network of influence, power, and money as it goes—not directly from X to Y, as it does only among the vulgar, but in a vast circle in which X and Y may be separated by 20 individuals, corporations, and public bodies, one of whom may be getting patronage, while others get

Charles Peters is editor-in-chief of The Washington Monthly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prestige or contracts or votes.

The reason Caro can trace this network is that he is not afraid of the experts. He knows the magic secret known by most lawyers, but by few journalists: by thorough questioning, by comparing answers of different interviewees and by consulting experts who weren't involved in this particular case, a good interviewer can unravel any complexity.

We have pointed out this truth to our brethren before, but they need debate, doubt, or otherwise hesitate no longer. Caro proves the point, so we can move on to other things.

The main other thing is that the personal interview enables the journalist to write livelier history than the academic who relies exclusively on documentary sources. In the last 15 years, the use of interviewing has expanded tremendously. The giant step seems to have been taken in 1959 by two popular histories of World War II. They were John Toland's *Battle: The Story of the Bulge* and Cornelius Ryan's *The Longest Day*, not books that seemed destined for prominence in histories of the art of history. But both authors went far beyond the combination of news clips, personal reminiscence, and interviewing of a few senior officers that had been the basis of most journalistic efforts to write military history. This time the authors combined documentary research of reasonable diligence with *hundreds* of interviews, not just with generals, but with privates, and from both sides. Toland took the process a step further, dramatically contrasting the documentary and oral versions of Pearl Harbor in a book called *But Not for Shame*, published in 1961, the same year in which Theodore White's *The Making of the President*, based almost exclusively on interviews and observation, brought new popularity to current history. By 1966 William Manchester would need nine pages to list the names of his interviewees for *The Death of a President*.

Increasingly academics have been getting the message. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in his "Age of Roosevelt" series, cited the Oral History Project (itself a recognition of the need for interviewing) at Columbia as a source, but only for a small portion of his material. Interviews seem to have played an even larger role in *A Thousand Days*, but to protect their confidentiality, Schlesinger did not list them, as David Halberstam did not in *The Best and the Brightest*. In 1969 came T. Harry Williams' *Huey Long*, based on both exhaustive documentary research and more than 200 personal interviews that the author managed to conduct with survivors of the Long era. If the interview had not quite attained intellectual respectability before, this great book should have settled the matter.

But many academic historians still seem unaware that the telephone and the radio and the movies—and television and tapes—have forever changed the world where documents told the story—which was really a world in which documents didn't tell the whole story but told the only story available—into a world where vividness and immediacy were prizes that only the diligent interviewer can win.

To win those prizes is not enough, however. Studs Terkel's *Hard Times*, which consists of nothing but interviews, is a compelling reminder of their frustrating inadequacy when unaccompanied by analysis of their significance. Caro had the interviews—522 of them—but he also had the diligence to cross-check countless documents and the intelligence and empathy and daring to arrive at an interpretation of his subject that strikes me as sublimely right. His book should be a model for all writers of contemporary history. It may also succeed, by the force of its example, in erasing the distinction between journalistic and academic history, as academics seek to capture the life provided by the interviewer at his best and journalists seek to emulate the analytical rigor of the best academics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good Legislation Has Nothing To Do With It

by Walter Shapiro

Most books about Congress tend to do little more than reinforce stereotypes about life on Capitol Hill. That's why a little-noticed essay by David R. Mayhew, *Congress: The Electoral Connection*,* is such a joy. Mayhew is a political scientist at Yale and his book is an example of a largely abandoned academic genre—a tightly written theoretical essay, designed to be suggestive, rather than conclusive, and presented to the reader without the methodological crutches of modern political science. His method of analysis is deceptively simple: "I shall conjure up a vision of United States congressmen as single-minded seekers of reelection... and then speculate about how congressmen so motivated are likely to go about... making policy."

The quick objection is that Mayhew ignores the hundreds of legislators who represent "safe" districts with loyal constituencies. Mayhew contends that few congressional incumbents are truly free from reelection fears. Even the most secure congressmen can't ignore the voters back home. Take the case of Kansas Republican Chester Mize, who was elected to the House in 1968 with almost 68 per cent of the vote. Two years later he was unemployed, after polling only 45 per cent of the vote in a bid for reelection.

Mayhew identifies the activities that can help a congressman win reelection. It is significant that the author can find only two ways in which work in Congress can be translated into votes at home: *credit-claiming*—doing something that can be cited as a personal accomplishment in office—and *position-taking*—articulating popular views on public issues.

The problem is that much of the basic work of Congress is ignored by the voters. Mayhew argues that performing the day-to-day legislative chores can be regarded as a form of altruism—almost as selfless as ladling out broth at a Salvation Army soup

Walter Shapiro is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

**Congress: The Electoral Connection.* David R. Mayhew. Yale University Press, $7.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kitchen. As any organizational theorist can testify, altruism is a slender reed on which to build the framework of an institution. It would be as if General Electric only paid its employees for making speeches about free enterprise, but hoped that they would build appliances in their spare time for the fun of it.

Congress is a place where almost no one works harder than he wants to. There is little to prevent a congressman from leaving the constituent work to his staff and spending most of the day working out in the House gym. An illustration of the flexibility of the congressional workday is the ease with which senators can conduct presidential campaigns without taking a leave of absence from their legislative duties.

Going Through the Motions

Mayhew's 180-page essay builds a theoretical framework which can explain events that seem baffling when viewed from other perspectives. There is, for example, the mystery of why the large numbers of antiwar senators were so ineffectual in their efforts to end our military involvement in Vietnam. Not only were there only token efforts to block war appropriations, but, until the very end, Congress couldn't even pass innocuous resolutions setting withdrawal dates.

The failure of the doves is related to Mayhew's contention that members of Congress are not overly concerned with whether they support the winning position on roll-call votes, so there is little incentive for a minority to do the persuading and the arm-twisting necessary to become a majority. History is filled with examples of legislators who were defeated because they took an unpopular stand, but Mayhew asks rhetorically, "Who can think of one where a member got into trouble for being on the *losing* side?"

Mayhew argues that the dove senators lacked a political incentive to do more than just talk. They received so much credit for their antiwar speeches that they had little to gain by actually stopping the war. A similar example is the recent spate of anti-busing legislation. The Detroit area legislators who led the anti-integration efforts were acclaimed back home, but they were under no obligation "to worry about what was passed or was implemented."

Obviously, it is possible to exaggerate Mayhew's argument to the point of parody. Many antiwar senators were quite sincere in their desire to see the war ended. But Mayhew contends that it was not in their direct interest to devote much time to organizing against it. Such activity would have meant neglecting other matters that had a greater bearing on reelection—"making speeches, meeting constituents, looking into casework."

There is just one major exception to this rule—the roll-call votes on measures that provide tangible benefits for specific congressional districts,

Take Advantage of Us

Take Advantage of
The Washington Monthly's
Special Introductory Offer—
1 Year of The Washington Monthly
For Only $10.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such as a new post office or grants to local programs. Outside of such pork-barrel bills, a legislator knows that even if he is defeated on a piece of major legislation, he will get credit for having been brave enough to "fight the good fight." The Right-to-Life movement is grateful to James Buckley for introducing a constitutional amendment outlawing abortion, but they don't blame him when it isn't ratified. Liberals have always been especially willing to reward politicians for grand but futile gestures. Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening were revered for having voted against the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, but no one wondered why they couldn't attract any supporters. This kind of liberal mind-set encourages speechmakers and ideologues but provides congressmen with absolutely no incentive to do substantive legislative work.

Although never explicitly stated, Mayhew's major concern is accountability, the problem of assigning responsibility for the actions of Congress. Because Congress has 535 members, voters do not generally hold their individual representatives responsible for the failures of the institution. Other than voting records and public statements, it is hard for outsiders to judge the legislative performance of individual congressmen. As Mayhew notes, "Congressional processes are so complicated that it is very difficult for outsiders to tell what's going on." The erratic quality of the profiles which Ralph Nader's Congress Project produced in 1972 illustrates this problem. Similarly, *The Almanac of American Politics* tells far more about the demography and political history of each congressional district than it does about the legislative record of the incumbent.

Even when congressmen *want* to be held responsible for their legislative actions, it is difficult for them to get their constituents to take them seriously. Mayhew believes that if a congressman went before an audience and said, "I'm responsible for the highway program, judge me on the success or failure of that," no one would believe him. So many legislators have falsely claimed to be the authors of bills they have merely co-sponsored that voters have grown skeptical of such boasts of individual accomplishment. (Voters are swayed, however, when the same congressman takes credit for the new local post office, because they can't believe that anyone else would care.) The result is a distorted incentive system that encourages legislators to labor over the fine print of a bill to place an Army installation in their district and to gloss over the details of a more general $10-billion federal spending program.

To buttress his point, Mayhew cites several examples where congressmen "display only a modest interest in what goes into bills or what their passage accomplishes." Although attendance is excellent at Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings when the television cameras are present, William Fulbright, its former chairman, has complained, "This is the kind of committee that senators like to be on, because they don't have to do anything." Similarly, the armed services committees in both houses tend to pay close attention to the Pentagon's budget only when military construction legislation can provide specific projects for their own districts.

Many of the results of legislative sloth are hidden within the recesses of the federal budget, but there are times when we get clues as to the precision with which our laws are drafted. One example is the notorious WIN (Work Incentive) program that was created by the House Ways and Means Committee in 1967 as a way of getting the able-bodied off the welfare rolls through job retraining. A 1972 investigation revealed that two thirds of the welfare recipients who enrolled in the program never finished their training. Many others never found jobs. Each WIN graduate who was actually placed in a job cost the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

federal government more than $8,800. Yet little criticism of the program was directed at the Congress which had approved the program and funded it.

The problem of legislative sloppiness and congressional irresponsibility is difficult for liberals to face. Denunciations by Republican Presidents of the profligate spending habits of Democratic Congresses have become so predictable that most liberals no longer even hear them; they have become background noise like public service announcements on late night television. Yet this may be one accusation by Richard Nixon that is not entirely without foundation. If legislators are denied personal credit for writing effective legislation and are largely spared the blame for fiascos like the WIN program, it would take a Congress of almost selfless dedication to the public weal to behave in an entirely responsible fashion.

Problems More Basic Than Seniority

One reason Mayhew's essay is likely to be of lasting value is that he is concerned with structural problems which are so *basic* that they will not be alleviated by the arrival of a large and restive freshman class in Congress. In fact, there are a few indications that the problems may grow worse. Although the new congressional freshmen have been widely praised for their intelligence and their seriousmindedness, there are some disturbing hints that, for all their admirable qualities, they may not place legislative craftsmanship high on their list of personal priorities.

Take Toby Moffett of Connecticut, considered by many to be one of the brightest lights in the freshman class. "I tried to bury a few myths in my campaign," he said after a month in office, "including the one that says the most important thing a congressman does is to legislate."

One of Moffett's major priorities is to investigate the federal regulatory agencies. This is the traditional—and often neglected—oversight function of Congress, which, if performed diligently, can have an important impact on the performance of the executive branch.

Mayhew's model reminds us, however, that such investigations will also help Moffett's reelection campaign. The problem is that Moffett would get equal electoral rewards by merely generating press releases. For example, Les Aspin gets favorable press coverage whether he has unearthed a major Pentagon scandal or merely discovered that General Haig used a NATO plane to transport his pet dog around Europe.

Because the political rewards of congressional investigations have more to do with drama than content, it is easy for House and Senate hearings to degenerate into publicity circuses. In a recent profile of Scoop Jackson, Robert Sherrill recalled how the Washington Democrat summoned seven oil company presidents before his Senate Interior Committee at the height of the gasoline crisis. Rather than letting them testify individually, Jackson insisted on questioning them as a group. It made great television as the fearless Senator confronted the oil barons, but it also ruined any chance for sustained questioning.

Cynical exercises like Jackson's hearings are an all-too-frequent by-product of presidential ambitions. What is far more destructive to the internal fabric of Congress is that well-intentioned legislators like Toby Moffett believe that making speeches is important work. When I spoke with Moffett in early February, the highlight of his legislative day had been appearing before the Armed Services Committee to read a statement expressing his outrage at military aid to Cambodia.

What mattered was not what Moffett said in his speech but that he considered such predictable rhetoric important. The fault is not his, because this is the kind of representation that issue-conscious liberals have come to demand from their legislators. Bella Abzug is now running for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Senate largely on the basis of her four-year record as an outspoken congressional advocate of women's and peace issues. Back in 1971, when it seemed that American fighting in Vietnam would go on forever, it was symbolically important to those in the antiwar movement to have people like Bella Abzug and Ron Dellums in Congress. No one expected them to author legislation; their role was to provide primal therapy for antiwar militants.

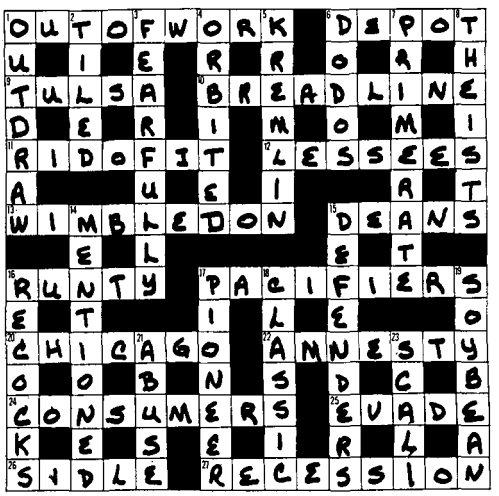
Many of the new House freshmen have brought variants of this "outsider" mentality with them to Washington. It doesn't matter whether this is a product of the antiwar movement or the result of watching film classics like *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, which featured Jimmy Stewart filibustering against evil legislation. What is important is that they tend to romanticize the non-legislative side of Congress. Since, as Mayhew demonstrates, these non-legislative activities also bring rewards at the polls, it may be difficult for Congress to devise internal incentives that will keep their noses to the legislative grindstone.

Up to now, outside efforts to evaluate congressional performance have only tended to make matters worse. By rating legislators solely on their voting records, groups like Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) have accentuated the symbolic element already inherent in congressional roll-calls. It is, obviously, ridiculous to evaluate a congressman's legislative performance solely on the basis of his voting record. But it is difficult to picture liberals opposing an incumbent with a perfect ADA rating, no matter how incompetent. Similarly, the ADA is unlikely to give a legislator credit for voting against a poverty bill, even if he knew that the legislation was badly drafted and the money would be wasted.

Without trying to romanticize the *ancien regime* in the House there are grounds for legitimate concern over the long-range effects of the "freshman revolt." It remains to be seen how many freshmen will become obsessed with currying the favor of groups outside Congress and how many will dedicate themselves to mastering the legislative process. Part of the problem for the liberals, of course, is that the congressional "inner club" which has taken responsibility for keeping the institution functioning has always had a right-wing ideological cast. The pillars of the congressional process have always been men like Richard Russell, Sam Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson, Robert Kerr, Wilbur Mills, and the like. Too often their nurturing of the congressional machinery included accommodation with special interests and a general legislative conservatism. But there is no structural reason why things have to be this way. There is no reason why you can't have a chairman of the Ways and Means Committee who gives as meticulous attenton to tax reform as Wilbur Mills gave to maintaining tax privileges.

But that kind of congressional dedication is unlikely without being encouraged by the voters. For too long too high a premium has been placed on congressional rhetoric and symbolic gestures. If we want a responsible Congress we—both the press and the public—must remind our legislators that we're following the advice of John Mitchell: watching what they do, not what they say. ■

Answers to February puzzle:



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tidbits and Outrages

ACLU Take Note

We may be carrying our concern over damaging dossiers a bit too far. *The National Observer* pointed out that the Houston office of the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission complained that it was discriminatory of the local police department to inquire into the arrest and conviction records of prospective policemen.

Project Independence

On Sunday, February 9, 1975, the front page of *The Washington Post* carried a story headlined "U.S. Dependency on Arab Oil Rising." Its author and editor must have slept late Saturday morning and missed Clayton Fritchey's report in the February 8 issue of the *Post*, under the headline, "The Growing Glut of Petroleum," which stated that Britain's North Sea oil potential was now estimated to be 22 billion barrels, cited recent oil discoveries in Israel, Mexico, India, and other countries, and quoted OCED reports that the Western industrial nations will soon be providing almost as much energy as they used.

It Runs in the Family

A recent item from the sports page of *The New York Times:*

Friday's Fight

By The Associated Press

San Diego, Calif.—Mike Nixon, 160 pounds, Glendale, Calif., and Dave Love, 156½, San Diego, fought to no decision, 9 rounds. Fight ruled no decision when Love couldn't continue after low blow by Nixon.

Homecoming Kings

Government contracting officers who deal with American universities know the secret of the decline of American business: Our best hustlers have gone into academia. This is a secret we hope the sheiks don't share, for otherwise our best chance for those petrodollars may come from the recent news of a $5.5 million contract between the Saudis and the American Association of State Colleges and Universities and of exploratory missions to Iran from Columbia and Harvard.

Priming the Pump

President Ford's tax rebate plan has been attacked by critics who estimate that it will give only 17 per cent of taxpayers 43 per cent of the benefits. But these carpers should remember that Ford is merely following in the tradition of another great Republican, Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury under Harding and Coolidge. As reported in Gerald Colby Zilg's new book on the DuPonts, Mellon stimulated the 20s' economy by returning nearly $2 million in tax rebates to Alfred du Pont, $27 million to U.S. Steel (in which Mellon had large stock holdings), and $404,000 to himself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taste, Class, and Mary Tyler Moore

by Suzannah Lessard

The work of Edith Wharton may seem an unlikely place to look for illumination of current affairs, but there is one respect in which her novels and stories cast light on the workings of our own world. That is the role which cultivation, in the sense of a sophisticated appreciation of the arts and of ideas, plays in the American class structure. Social standing, in the old sense of who your parents are, is no longer a criterion, although a touch of that sort of glitter still can be made to go a long way; note the prominence of the Prince and Princess Von Furstenburg—surely a couple of characters out of left field if there ever was one—in New York society columns, or the extra sheen the name "Bouvier" gives Jackie Onassis, not lost despite the almost blinding dazzle of her two other more newly glorious names. On the whole, though, the upper reaches of contemporary society are inhabited by self-made people. The result is a more accessible elite, in the sense that a Barbara Howar from the boondocks can make it to the top on sheer ingenuity, and a more interesting one, in the sense that talent rather than genealogical credentials is the surer ticket to social success. At the very least it makes for variety. Where the social notes of Edith Wharton's old New York would drop the names of a series of nearly identical stuffed shirts whose main claim to fame was their forefathers' success in business, Leo Lerman's column, "People Are Talking About," in the February *Vogue*, mentions Joel Grey the actor, Larry Brown the football player, Princess Radziwill "that's Lee," Treasury Secretary "Bill" Simon, "the Warhol gang," as well as Rauschenberg, Andre Malraux, and Vladimir Horowitz (with Princess Lee, representative of pure status without accomplishment, these last high-cultural three give the select company its real "touch of class").

The fact that the high circles are accessible to a variety of people, however, does not mean that people judge each other more liberally than they once did. In fact, a case could be made that, in the absence of a standard measure of acceptability, a far more obsessive and byzantine method of cataloging has evolved and that this is not true just of society column existence, but of the wider cosmopolitan circles which fringe on Leo Lerman's hectic, paisley world. The rapid, sophisticated computations of multiple labels—dress, job, school, intelligence, political attitudes,

Suzannah Lessard is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accents (Southern country is passable, suburban Long Island is not), and acquaintances—with which one person judges whether another "is one of us" makes the old society's manner of judging (what's your pedigree—usually meaning how much money do you have and how long have you had it) seem more innocent than snobbish. Being "in" nowadays is a condition which must be constantly and feverishly maintained and can depend upon such unexpected attributes as knowing a Black Panther yesterday and John Dean today, wearing your hair in a crew-cut (if you are a woman—it's currently a sign of homosexuality for a man), or being an afficionado of the "Mary Tyler Moore" show (don't rely on this one—it's already stale). We all know this and laugh at it as we engage in our particular compromise with the game, but underneath there is a more serious *questioning of ourselves* and each other. Boiled down, the old question, are you a lady or a gentleman, has been replaced by the query, are you an aristocrat of the spirit? It's a much better question, but it has its complications.

The complications arise from the intense pressure on people to prove themselves aristocrats of the spirit—to be sensitive and aware—which is generated in a class structure in which distinctions are made largely according to these qualities. Pedigree was something you either had or you didn't have. Sensibility and awareness are qualities you can acquire, but they are also extremely perishable—or at least an image of having them is. Since that image is of such great importance in the standing one has among one's peers, the genuine search for true values gets mixed up with self-promotion, the need to draw the line between the philistines and the chosen people and put yourself on the right side. This is true in the world of the arts—the world of culture in the narrow sense—but also in the underworlds of politics and ideas.

In Edith Wharton's work one can see some of the roots of these complications in an explicit way when she casts her cold eye on the conventions of her time but, more interestingly, in what she unwittingly reveals about her own attitudes. In the world which she wrote about—turn-of-the-century New York "society"—cultural values were a fairly low grade of currency. It was important to know the name of the latest book and to be seen at the opera, but (at least according to Mrs. Wharton) a genuine interest in the arts was actually a liability. In one sense, this world was her target in the same way the foibles of contemporary society are for Tom Wolfe: she took aim at the false values of fashionable circles, the idiotic indices people used in judging each other, their enslavement to fads in tastes, and the hypocrisy behind their enthusiasm for those fads and for the people they "accepted." On a more serious level, the theme of most of her novels and short stories is how this frivolous, mindless world victimized worthy souls, obliviously crushing them in the trivial but brutal machinery of their value system. The worthy souls are the true aristocrats, and their tragedy is that they live in a fundamentally commercial society, where money is really all that counts and where true nobility of spirit is likely to invite ruin.

What interests me is what Mrs. Wharton considers nobility of the spirit, or, to put it another way, how do we know which of her characters are "good." We know a character is good if he reads poetry, or has a discerning eye for painting, or savors beautiful landscapes, or goes in for intelligent conversation. The nobility consists in purity of appreciation of these things for their own sake and in having a mind of one's own in selecting. Thus Mr. Raycie gives his son a small fortune to spend abroad on Italian paintings for his "gallery" so that he can impress his guests after dinner, but young Lewis (after making the acquaintance of Ruskin) chooses the works of unfashionable painters (Piero della Francesca) for what he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sees in them (and for his pains is disinherited). Percy Gryce collects "Americana" because he thinks this gives him social distinction, but Lawrence Selden actually reads what he collects, and one of the reasons we know Lilly Bart is "good" is that she gravitates towards Selden, and in addition her long-deceased father hoarded a few "slim volumes" of poetry in that one part of the house his philistine wife left to him. Ethan Frome is set apart from strong-silent dolthood by his tremors of appreciation upon seeing a snowy field at night and by the information that in his youth he read books. Newland Archer is one of the chosen because he loves Ellen Olenska who departs from convention in her flower arrangements (she's "original") and who has traveled in European intellectual circles. Archer also reads poetry, although, like Lily Bart and Ethan Frome, his superiority stems more from vague intimations of a world of higher values than any real experience of them.

These are surely flimsy grounds on which to establish a character's superiority, but Mrs. Wharton pushes the clues forward with a special aggressiveness, addressing the reader less as an equal co-holder of these values than as a child of dubious manners whose attention must be directed to proper models. Her attitude is that most Americans are completely unaware of a greater world of the mind and imagination, and while some of her heroes and heroines may have an inkling, may know a *little*, only she herself *really* knows with confidence. Her knowledge, and the superiority it gives her, is the protagonist in her work, and the blindness of her provincial countrymen the antagonist. Meanwhile, her characters are too often no more than potential recruits in this larger battle, lured back and forth across the lines and usually, in the end, falling into enemy hands. As a result her work is not nearly as great as it might have been, for the primary aim of fiction cannot be to belittle human beings

NEW FROM DUXBURY PRESS—

Must books for your professional library or general reading.

The Domestic Presidency: Decision Making in the White House

by John H. Kessel; Professor of Political Science Ohio State University; editor of *The American Journal of Political Science*.

The first major study of the impact and functioning of the Domestic Council of the Executive Branch which has been the principal policy vehicle in the Nixon and Ford Administrations.

Paperbound. $5.95. April 1975. 160 pages. 6½ x 9¼. ISBN 0-87872-088-X.

Public Opinion, Third Edition

by Bernard Hennessy; Professor of Political Science, California State University, Hayward; Former Director of N.C.E.P.

Since 1965 this has been the leading text in public opinion. The Third Edition has been thoroughly revised incorporating the '70 census, the '72 elections, Watergate and the impact of the mass media. Now in paperback.

$7.50. February 1975. 368 pages. 6½ x 9¼. ISBN 0-87872-082-0.

Order directly from the publisher: Duxbury Press
Box WM
6 Bound Brook Court
North Scituate, MA 02060

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and discredit their feelings.

Mrs. Wharton clearly was afflicted in the extreme with a sense of American cultural obscurity in comparison to what Europe had to offer and moved to Paris as soon as she could. But she could not let go of her country and continued to beat it, almost obsessively, with its lack of cultivation—to superimpose herself on it—long after she had ceased to have any real contact with what was going on here. And, curiously, she continued to identify with what she ostensibly considered the very worst element in American life. According to Edmund Wilson, she was unnecessarily and exaggeratedly insistent on her own social credentials as a New York lady of background. On top of this, Wilson writes, she had reason to believe that she was an illegitimate child, a concern to which he speculatively attributes the recurring theme of illegitimacy and illicit love affairs in her fiction. If for a moment I may be a parlor psychologist, we have here a deep dislike for America but an inability to let it go, an intellectual mocking of the empty badges of class but an irrational preoccupation with her own membership in it, and a grave doubt about that membership combined with a persistent effort to redefine, through her fiction, a "truer" form of social credit—cultivation.

I don't think Edith Wharton can be held up as a mirror image of America's neuroses, but in a limited sense contemporary society echoes her own complex. When the concept of an hereditary upper class crumbled out of that very lifelessness and purposelessness which Edith Wharton spent so much energy lambasting, cultivation did become one of the major criterions for membership in the cosmopolitan elite. To a degree, this is just a more frenetic version of the value system Mrs. Wharton had made fun of—the acquisition of the latest avant-garde paintings, rushing out to the Theater of the Absurd, quickly boning up on Malraux to add gloss to your cocktail conversation—more frenetic perhaps because a social aspirant now had nothing but cultivation to rely on to distinguish himself, had no listing in a social register to point to when this other, extremely vulnerable form of legitimacy began to erode.

But there is a more serious aspect to all this. As Edith Wharton, doubtful of her own legitimacy, clung to the idea of superior artistic sensibilities as the true sign of distinction, no American today can enjoy a secure sense of social superiority and must not only be measured and remeasured by the vague standard of cultivation but looks to that standard for his own measurement of himself. Are your values true? Are they profound? Are they refined? The difference between the surface fripperies—which we can laugh at—and the serious struggle underneath could be described as the difference between Edith Wharton's characters, who lend themselves so easily to satire, and her own urgent, fumbling endeavor to identify the true light, an effort which is clearly directed by her deepest feelings about life and yet which breaks into expression in such trivial, helplessly inarticulate forms as saying that someone is noble because he reads poetry once in a while.

A second similarity between present day society and Edith Wharton is that the backdrop against which we measure ourselves and each other is the rest of the country—"American Culture"—which we must despise and resist in order to distinguish ourselves from it, in order to distinguish ourselves at all. There is always much breast-beating about how artists and intellectuals are pariahs in America, which, if it pays any attention to them at all, wants only to turn them into commodities, but the truth is that it is precisely through carefully disassociating itself from American Culture, that the elite distinguishes itself. As Edith Wharton posed her artistic and moral values (they are, for her, often the same) against her probably exaggerated, most certainly

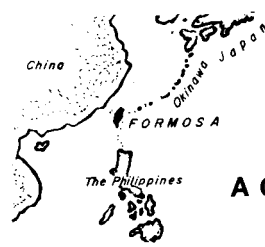
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oversimplified tapestry of a morally and culturally ugly American society, the elite today draws attention to its specialness by posturing on cultural ramparts against the lurid apocalypse of a degraded, even evil mass culture in which the values of television commercials are lumped with the morals of the Vietnam war.

Class differences thus are to a great extent drawn along the lines of the aesthetic (and therefore probably moral) elect versus the cultural philistines, a distinction which, as a result, becomes invested with far more passion than is warranted. As an index of how serious the true value game is, think of how an educated American can wound another most deeply: by suggesting he is dishonest or a cad in his personal relationships, by implying that he is mediocre at his trade, or by inferring that he is a philistine. The last, I think, would inflict at least as great a hurt as the others. When Katherine Kuh, for many years art critic for the old *Saturday Review*, wrote that Andrew Wyeth was a drastically overestimated painter, really a "potboiler," an "illustrator," a painter of tepid, sentimental renditions of the past, she provoked a violent flood of letters, most of them attacking her rather than her ideas, including one which speculated that Wyeth had turned down a "salacious proposition" from the critic. Presumably, the old *Saturday Review*'s readership, while broad, was still what one would call select. (The people one sees standing in line to see Wyeth's work are not country bumpkins, observed Kuh.) This was a battle over who was *more* select, a skirmish over one of the lines in the class structure of concentric circles in which each circle fights to distinguish itself from the next one outward, which it militantly blurs with "the masses." I don't think Katherine Kuh was attempting to do anything more than make a genuine aesthetic judgment (although the terms she chose to dismiss Wyeth could not have been more hurtful to him or his admirers), but I wonder how many of her readers who had not particularly committed themselves to Wyeth saw Kuh's opinion as a potential weapon and abruptly dismissed Wyeth at the next opportunity, preferably after someone else had expressed admiration.

Disputes across these lines touch a deep nerve and provoke disproportionate ferocity. Losers can find themselves suddenly besieged by the weapons of true values, as though they had suddenly turned into a McDonald's hamburger stand which had invited itself into an Upper East Side neighborhood. Katherine Kuh called Wyeth—and by extension his devotees—a McDonald's. In America that's going for the jugular, and any weapon available (Andrew Wyeth wouldn't sleep with her) must be used against such a lethal smear. (The battle is made additionally complex by the fact that calling someone an elitist is a viable weapon in the true value game.)

This sort of confrontation takes



HAS FORMOSA'S PAST PREPARED IT FOR A COMMUNIST FUTURE?

For two centuries the Formosan Chinese resisted authority imposed on them by the continental Chinese. Under Japanese rule resistance became organized, but after restoration to China at the end of World War II the Formosans were bitterly disappointed when they failed to maintain gains made during the Japanese era.

The author, a leading Formosa authority, illuminates the great changes that transpired during the Japanese half-century and the intensification of the Formosan Chinese desire for independence.

FORMOSA: Licensed Revolution and the Home Rule Movement, 1895-1945
by George H. Kerr

$12.50 at all bookstores, or directly from:
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF HAWAII
535 Ward Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii 96814

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place on successive fronts. Michael Novak writes of the popular (mass) antipathy towards the national press: "National journalists participate in the culture of the upper classes—in the mobile, fluid, national superculture of America's higher circles. . . . What people resent in the media is the arrogance that tells people every day: 'We're smarter, better informed, more critical, more skeptical than you. You've been mass-produced; we've been specially produced, custom-made.' " Yet, as Novak also notes, reporters "are subject to snubs and slights, too." Thus when my colleague James Fallows criticized Mary McCarthy (a writer he otherwise admires, as he made quite clear) for playing irresponsibly with facts in her reportage on Watergate and Vietnam, Harold Rosenberg, whose own books' covers (he is an art critic) are embellished with flattering quotes from McCarthy, rose passionately to her defense, not by taking on the substance of Fallows' criticism, but by spitting (for considerable duration) upon the impudence of a common reporter who dared to criticize a great artist (even when she was acting as a reporter), relegating him, in effect, because of a professional label, to the dreary plains of the philistines, the McDonald's, while Rosenberg himself carried the banner of true values (McCarthy and, by association, himself) triumphantly to higher ground. Yet again, even critics are vulnerable. Artists and writers, when they find themselves judged unfavorably from this flank, almost invariably resort to damning their critics as belonging to a lower class of sensibility.

The world of politics has its own version of the true value-class game. One could almost say that it is William Buckley's metier to make opponents look stupid and clumsy (unrefined), thereby giving his own positions a cachet they otherwise never would have. By furiously generating an aura of wit and intelligence, he has given conservatives a classiness (a *seriousness*) which would be severely lacking if it were left to people like Ronald Reagan and Roman Hruska. The jostling for the "aware" position on the left has become fairly standard material for satire—a good thing for the left—but for the moment, in the dead air space between the moral hurricanes of Vietnam and Watergate and the premonition of world-wide economic disaster, there are few sure causes. But we have all seen the tremendous social lift which association with the current "true values" can give and the ostracism which can descend upon a person who takes a "wrong" (naive, unliberal, unintelligent, uninformed) position.

Besides being a bad habit, a trick which is used to wound, to inflict an injury of class, the chief damage done by the excessive preoccupation with and fear of philistinism is that it cramps growth and exchange of ideas. The endeavor to identify enduring values—in art, in political ideas, in ways of seeing—is a genuine one, but if one party is going to feel a withering panic when another adroitly brands his icon as phony, no dialogue can take place, only war, a war of self-esteem in which on one side the icon must be utterly destroyed—failing to perceive value is just as bad as being taken in by the ersatz—and on the other the icon must be preserved at all costs, thus becoming no more than a military banner. Thus in the name of the really important work of distinguishing between the genuine and the ersatz, ideas are turned into mascots and slogans in a struggle for a kind of personal ascendency. It is precisely because the business of discrimination—of piercing the aura of sanctity which can obscure the fallacy in an idea or a flaw in a piece of work, and of selecting enduring values in the flood of trivial notions which are constantly magnified by the lens of fashion—is so important that the psychology which perverts this business is important in a negative sense.

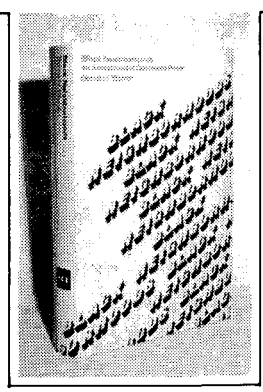
The other bad effect is the rigidly antipathetic attitude that the preoccupation generates towards American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Culture, towards the country at large. I wonder, do French intellectuals posture against the crassness of popular Frenchmen? Do refined Italians offset their superiority by cultivating an attitude of disdain for their "duller" compatriots? I don't really know enough to say, but what small experience I do have indicates that if this is done at all, Europeans do not use their own countries, but ours, as a backdrop. They import the McDonald's image. Europe postures against America. When I run across this it makes me angry because I think it's cowardly and self-serving. Just as I think Edith Wharton, safe in Paris, was. Just as I think people here who pantomime aesthetic agony in front of McDonald's are, too, although at least they are on the scene.

The narrowing in the gap in income between the upper and middle classes was probably a major reason why the true values game heated up into an exercise in class distinction. But in the last 20 years, even the credential of cultivation has been under siege, for culture, like money, has become available to the masses. "Everybody" goes to Europe now, and "everybody" appreciates Picasso, so in order to assert the badge of true values—the quality of being discriminating—a social aspirant has to seek out more and more obscure European villages with a scrap of "undiscovered" fresco in the old church and make more and more daring *avant* choices in the paintings he will buy to hang on his wall (or if he is not in that financial league, to talk about). Though the great masterpieces hang there, it does you no social good to go to the Uffizi, and you might even do damage to yourself if you mention a visit to the Parthenon. In the social context, true values are useful only if most other people don't hold them, only if "the others," like Edith Wharton's characters, don't know. If lots of others do "know," then knowing doesn't set you apart at all: you are just a member of the masses jostling through the impressionists show at the Metropolitan Museum. (The museum and its blockbuster shows are now *the* biggest tourist attraction in New York, according to *The New York Times*.)

And so the game—the values war—has become more heated than ever and, with this new intensity, the price which inevitably accompanies a linkage of values with social distinction has probably also become greater. The price is the open exchange of ideas in an atmosphere in which scrutiny of values is uncluttered by the distorting emotions of class image, of a desire for personal superiority. Instead, we have a world where the questioning of values is too often taken as an intent to hurt and debase the holder of those values (and, in fact, is frequently so intended) and where values themselves are held less as living aides than as a kind of pedigree, the questioning of which is as grave a personal assault as it once was to question the legitimacy of a lady of society's birth. ■



Donald I. Warren

BLACK NEIGHBORHOODS

An Assessment of Community Power

Based on a study of nearly 2,000 respondents in Detroit, this definitive analysis shows how and why the black ghetto is unique in terms of the functioning of local neighborhoods, community groups, and status processes.

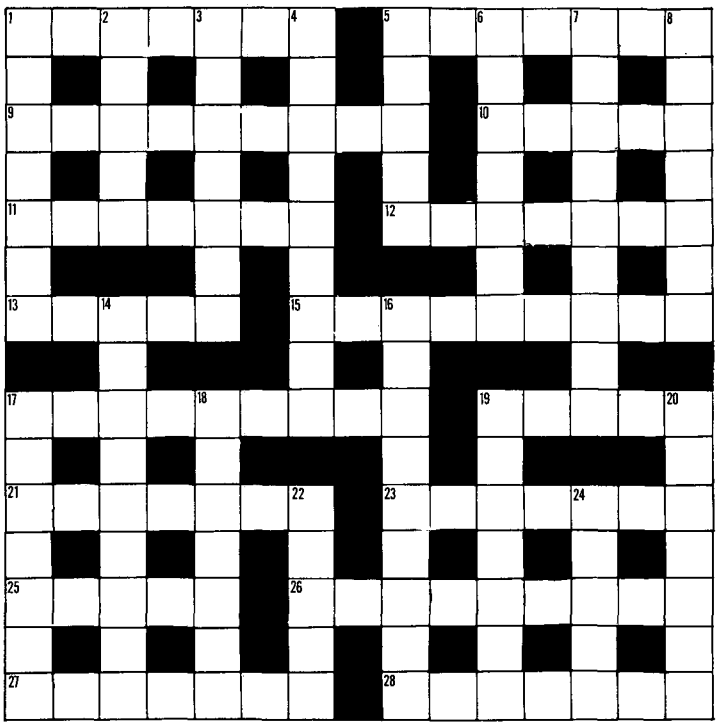
$9.00

The University of Michigan Press
ANN ARBOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the political puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1. Coy omen for political prognosticators. (7)
5. Political concern to cloy ego. (7)
9. A river, a waltz, and a dramatist. (9)
10. Credo for a well-fitted house. (5)
11. The true one is on the way. (2,5)
12. Postulate from her tome. (7)
13. One of the Philadelphia Eleven from non-U league. (5)
15. Amusement from frog-men particle. (9)
17. He brings things down, Terry does. (9)
19. What the G.I. makes pieces of. (5)
21. Bridge through part of heating system? (7)
23. Cot robe is needed in Fall. (7)
25. Seen in clasp, i.e., dramatically. (5)
26. Talk with someone in the write vein. (9)
27. Punts so high create disturbance overhead. (7)
28. Symbol of Amtorg traders? (3,4)

Down

1. Sounds like former river goes too far? (7)
2. Possessor of old house or new car. (5)
3. This you can employ too often in love ruses. (7)
4. Where rye stayed put in the past. (9)
5. Something that happened in '70. (5)
6. New Year's Day role for 1974. (3,4)
7. What's happening to croc in rug. (9)
8. And Mary finds her gardener. (7)
14. Development heard from spot for wild speculation? (9)
16. Senator Aiken was never "Mister" to us. (9)
17. Gets rid of Sid's vet. (7)
18. The last dour pun. (5,2)
19. Came in from trend with ease. (7)
20. Check Catfish Hunter re worth. (7)
22. It is not to make rotten? (5)
24. Underwriters' Lab bit finished construction. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-word letter. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 53.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in March.

The Border South States. Neal R. Peirce. Norton, $12.95. A worthy addition to Peirce's multi-volume survey of the politics of the 50 states.

The Case Against College. Caroline Bird. McKay, $9.95. A convincing indictment of diplomaism.

The Death of the Law. Lois G. Forer. McKay, $10.95. An adapted excerpt, "A Judge's Day," appeared in the February issue of *The Washington Monthly*.

The Diaries of Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. 1943-1946. Thomas Campbell, George C. Herring, Jr., eds. New Viewpoints, $12.50/5.95.

Eight Goods and Eight Bads. Alfred de Grazia. Anchor, $2.95. The author, who does have a fresh point of view, tries to express it by assuming the role of Chinese philosopher addressing Chinese readers in this essay on the American character. He finds that we have become "trapped in a culture of bureaucracy and force." He is right but too often his fear that he will be too "simple-minded or abstract to be suffered by a reader" turns out to be justified.

The Energy Crisis: World Struggle for Power and Wealth. Michael Tanzer. Monthly Review, $8.95. A conventional left study of energy shortages that pins the blame on profit-hungry oil companies, OPEC, and the United States. The author provides little in the way of new insights or information. His solution: "A fundamental social revolution which dethrones the role of wealth and money and organizes the economy to meet the real needs of all the people."

The European Communities: Establishment and Growth. Keesing's Report. Scribner's, $7.95/2.95.

The Florida Experience: Land and Water Policy in a Growth State. Luther J. Carter. Johns Hopkins, $15.

Generational Change in American Politics. Paul R. Abramson. Lexington, $13.50.

Holding the Line: The Eisenhower Era, 1952-1961. Charles C. Alexander. Indiana Univ., $11.50.

The Man of Only Yesterday: Frederic Lewis Allen. Darwin Payne. Harper & Row, $10.

The Mayor's Man. Barry Gottehrer. Doubleday, $8.95. A mau-maued flak-catcher provides a flat recitation of his hectic years as a top aide to John Lindsay. The author spent much of his time running from one confrontation to another, asking blacks and hippies to "cool it." Perhaps the most thrilling part of his job was the opportunity to meet some real live Negroes, some of whom allowed him to drink in "after-hours" spots where "the sweet smell of reefer and the sweeter sound of Aretha Franklin floated through the air." He notes with admiration that one activist "was one of the few men I met in all my years in city government who scared me."

Moments of Truth? The Alfred J. du Pont-Columbia University Survey of Broadcast Journalism. Marvin Barrett, ed. Crowell, $6.95/3.50. A reasoned examination of how Watergate has affected the relationship between broadcasters and government that is a bit too respectful of media big-shots.

STATE LEGISLATIVE APPROPRIATIONS PROCESS

A study for the National Conference of State Legislatures about the various organizational methods and procedures in the 50 states, c.200 pages. February, 1975

Order RM-547 at $8.00
Publications Department
Council of State Governments
Box 11910
Lexington, Kentucky 40511
(Publications List on request)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politics Within Nations

By Joseph LaPalombara, Yale University

A provocative, exciting, and valuable reference source in many ways:

- *Promotes understanding of the major characteristics of the nation-state.*
- Integrates both institutional and behavioral approaches to comparative politics.
- Provides a broad overview of basic institutions, political organization and behavior, and of masses and elites in national governments.

Other topics: The Building of Nations, Distribution and Allocation of Political Power, Basic Policy-Making and Policy-Making Institutions, Social Class and Politics, and the Roles of Elites.

April, 1974 625 pp. $10.95

Also available—

THE POLITICS OF PROGRESS, by Raymond E. Wolfinger

A classic study of local politics, using New Haven as a point of departure for extended reformulation of orthodox theories. Provides a realistic description of politicians in action based on the author's own experience behind the scenes at city hall. *1974, approx. 432 pp., $10.95*

For further information on either of these two Books, kindly write: Robert Jordan, Dept. J-189, College Division, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

No Place To Hide: A Guide to Bugs, Wire Taps, Surveillance and Other Privacy Invasions. Alan LeMond, Ron Fry. St. Martin's, $7.95.

The Origins of the Second World War. Arnold Offner. Praeger, $11.50/4.95.

The Other Government: The Unseen Influence of Washington Lawyers. Mark Green. Viking. An uneven but often brilliant examination of the way "law" is practiced in the District of Columbia.

Political Animals: Memoirs of a Sentimental Cynic. Walter Trohan, Doubleday, $10. A retired Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* reminisces about nearly a half century of political coverage. There is fun in his memories about Chicago gangsters and Colonel McCormick, but it is too frequently dulled by his leaden comments on the irresponsible liberalism of younger reporters.

Prisoners of War. A.J. Barker. Universe, $8.95.

Revolutionaries Without Revolution. Andre Thirion. Macmillan, $12.95.

The Strategy of Treaty Termination: Lawful Breaches and Retaliations. Arie E. David. Yale, $20.

A Theory of Conflict. Brian Crozier. Scribner's, $12.50.

There's No Such Thing As a Free Lunch. Milton Friedman. Open Court, $9.95/3.95. The brightest of the free-market theorists has put together a provocative collection of articles, columns, and interviews.

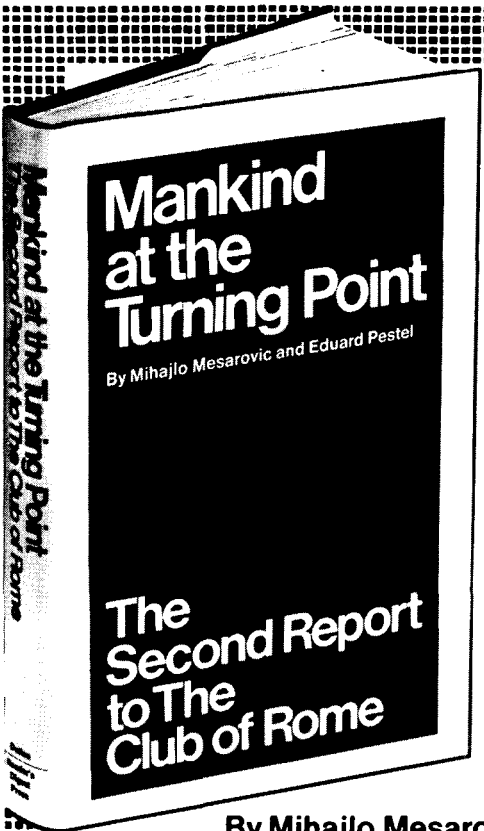
Urban and Regional Development Planning: Policy and Administration. Dennis A. Rondinelli. Cornell, $12.50.

Watchmen in the Night. Theodore C. Sorensen. MIT, $8.95. The danger of the imperial presidency has been such a fashionable thesis that the time is ripe for this counterattack, which, while intelligent, is disappointingly bland.

The West and the Rest of Us. Chinweizu. Random House, $15/$.95.

Without Sympathy or Enthusiasm: The Problem of Administrative Compassion. Victor A. Thompson. Univ. of Alabama, $6.50/2.95. The author looks at the dilemma of bureaucracies and their lack of compassion. In a dry but intelligent manner he examines the various solutions for this problem—from ombudsman to sensitivity training to political bosses—and finds them all wanting, plagued with inefficiency or favoritism. But he frustrates the reader by failing to make any suggestions of his own and by blandly assuring us that we will grow accustomed to administrative impersonality in due time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The answer for our troubled age

Mankind at the Turning Point

By Mihajlo Mesarovic and Eduard Pestel

An international bestseller and already hailed as one of the most important documents of our age, *Mankind at the Turning Point* is called by *The New York Times:*

"The most elaborate effort to make computer-based projections of long-range world developments."

Time Magazine writes:

"Unlike *Limits to Growth* (the first Club of Rome Report) the new book does not use questionable logic or mathematics to support a bleak, inequitable philosophy of no growth. Indeed, it promotes the idea of selective growth: less industrialization in the rich countries to counterbalance more in the poor nations."

Prof. Jan Tinbergen, Nobel Prizewinner in Economics says:

"An enormous step forward in our understanding of the essence of the worst bottlenecks our world is facing."

$12.95 cloth, $4.95 paper
Available at booksellers

Dutton/Reader's Digest Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A thoughtful—and thought-provoking—book that probes into what may well be the most fundamental problem of our time, the function and place of government in a modern society. David Fromkin has brought a powerful insight to bear on an issue on which all else turns." —Roger Hilsman

"Ambitious in concept and often provocative in presentation, this is a book for skeptics and idealists alike—for all who are concerned about the effect of growing transnational pressures on the future of government."
—Thomas L. Hughes, President
Carnegie Endowment
for International Peace
$8.95

THE QUESTION OF GOVERNMENT
An Inquiry into the Breakdown of Modern Political Systems
DAVID FROMKIN

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

"Unfailingly logical and persuasive in examining the causes for the success of terrorism and the other sorts of revolutionary warfare today."
—Library Journal*

This controversial, timely analysis of the paradox that the state is necessary, but rebellion against it is inevitable covers some of the most explosive issues of our day—the Allende experiment in Chile, Northern Ireland, and the Vietnam War, as well as skyjacking and urban terrorism—and places them in historical perspective.* "His prescriptions for dealing with the various aspects of the crisis are thought-provoking, even profound...Crozier's splendid work deserves wide readership and consideration." $12.50

A THEORY OF CONFLICT
BRIAN CROZIER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED